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LONDON,

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TO ALL
LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS
OF
MUSIC.

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HIS Fifth Book of *New Songs* and *Ayres* had come sooner (by three Months) to your hands, but the last dreadful Frost put an Embargo upon the Press for more than ten Weeks; and, to say the truth, there was a great unwillingness in me to undertake the pains of publishing any more Collections of this nature: But at the request of Friends, and especially Mr. Carr, who assisted me in procuring some of these Songs from the Authors, I was prevailed with: Yet indeed the greatest Motive was, to prevent my Friends and Country-men from being cheated with such false Ware as is daily published by ignorant and mercenary persons, who put Musical Notes over their Songs, but neither minding Time nor right places, turn Harmony into Discord: Such Publications being a Scandal and Abuse to the Science of *Musick*, and all Ingenious Artists and Professors thereof. This I conceive I was bound to let my Reader understand; and that in what hitherto I have made public of this nature, my pains and care has ever been not only to procure perfect Copies, but also to see them true and well printed: But now I find my Age, and the Infirmities of Nature, will not allow me the strength to undergo my former Labours again, I shall leave it to two young Men, my own Son, and Mr. Carr's Son, who is one of His Majesty's Musick, and an ingenious person, whom you may rely upon, that what they publish of this nature, shall be carefully corrected and well done, my self engaging to be assisting to them in the overseeing the Press for the future, that what Songs they make public be good and true Musick, both for the credit of the Authors, and to the content and satisfaction of the Buyers; which that they may never be otherwise, is the desire of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most faithful Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD

A 2

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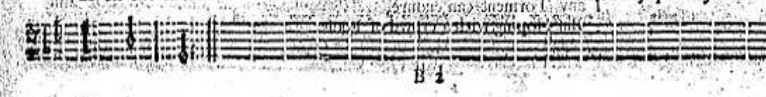
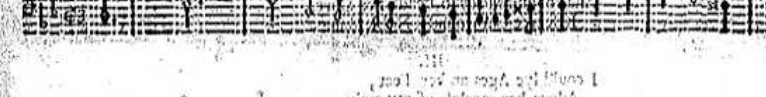
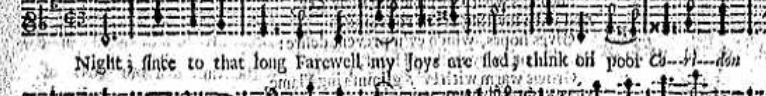
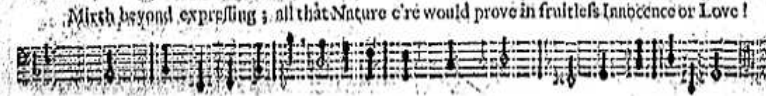
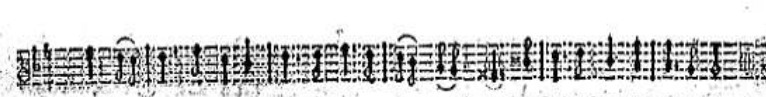
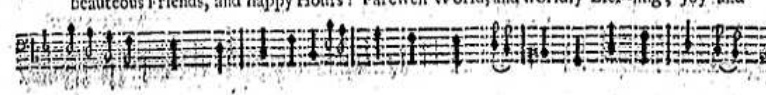
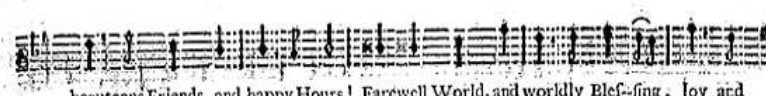
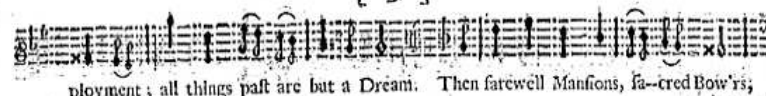
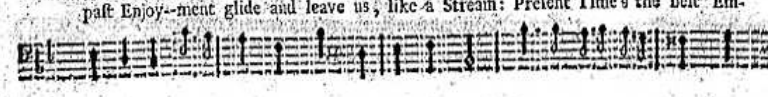
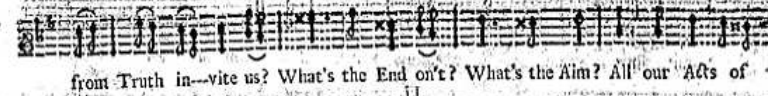
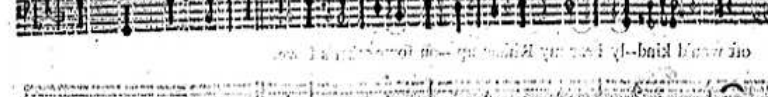
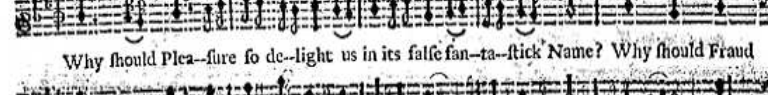
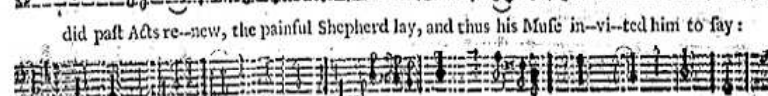
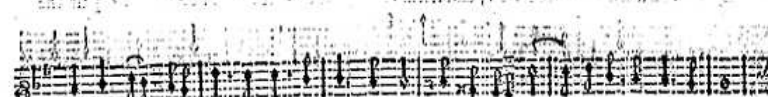
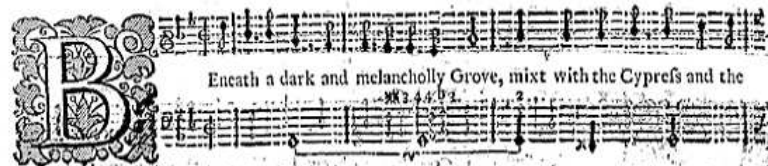
When first I fair Celinda knew, her kindness then was great, her

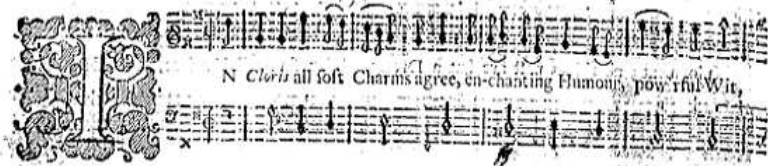
Eyes I could with pleasure view, and friendly Rays did meet: In all delights we past the

time that could di-vention move, she oft would kind-ly hear me rhyme upon some other's Love, she

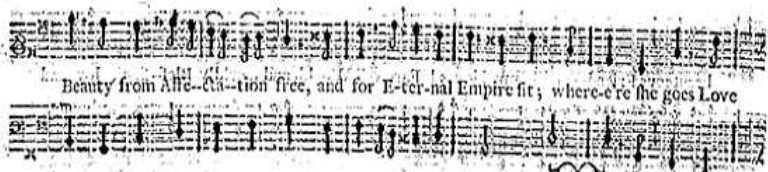
oft would kind-ly hear my Rhime up-on some other's Love.

II.
But, ah! at last I grew too bold,
Prest by my growing Flame;
For when my Passion I had told,
She hated ev'n my Name;
Thus I that could her Friendship boast,
And did her Love pursue,
Am taught Contentment at the cost
Of Love and Friendship too.

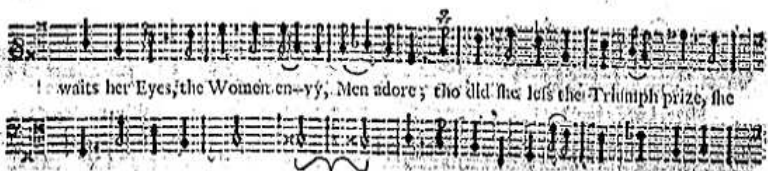




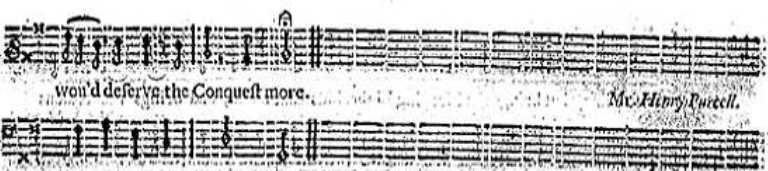
N Cloriz all soft Charms agree, en-chaunting Humours, pow'ful Wit,



Beauty from Atte-cti-tion free, and for E-ter-nal Empire sit; where-e'r she goes Love



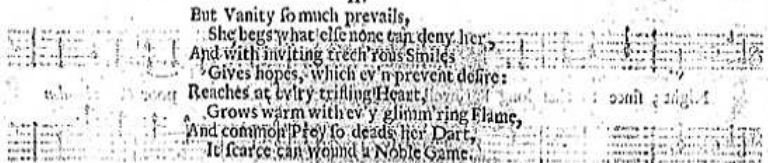
! waits her Eyes; the Women en-vy; Men adore; tho' old she less the Triumph prize, she



won'd deserve the Conquest more.

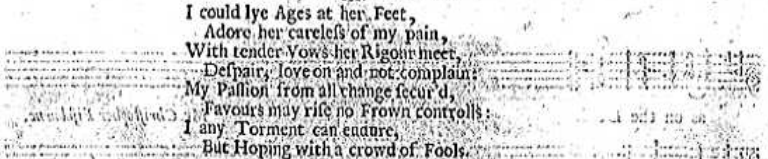
Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

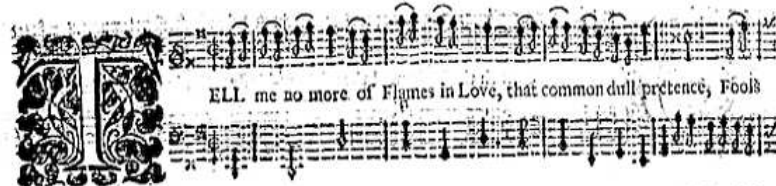


But Vanity so much prevails,
She begs what else none can deny her,
And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent desire:
Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart;
Grows warm with ev'ry glimmering Flame,
And common Prey to deadlier Dart,
It scarce can wound a Noble Game.

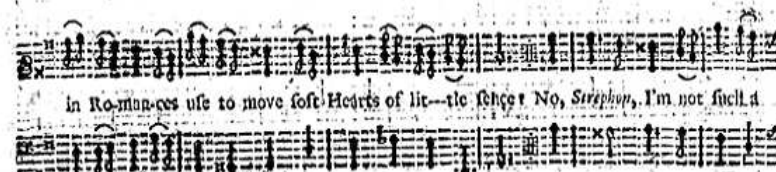
III.



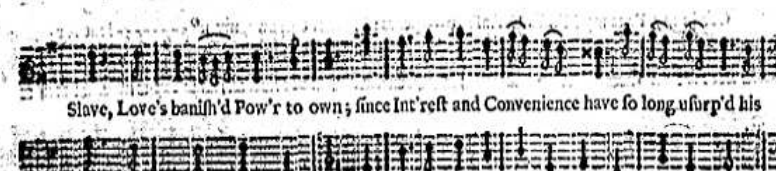
I could lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her careless of my pain,
With tender Vows her Rigour meet,
Despair, love on and not complain:
My Passion from all change secur'd,
Favours may rise no Frown controuls:
I any Torment can endure,
But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.



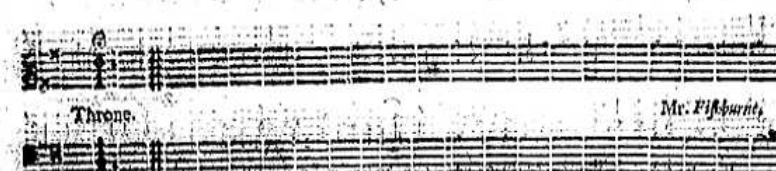
ELL me no more of Flames in Love, that common dull pretence, Fools



in Ro-man-ces use to move soft Hearts of lit-tle sense: No, Strephon, I'm not such a



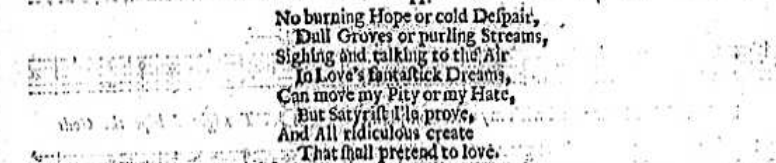
Slave, Love's banish'd Pow'r to own; since Int'rest and Convenience have so long usurp'd his



Throne.

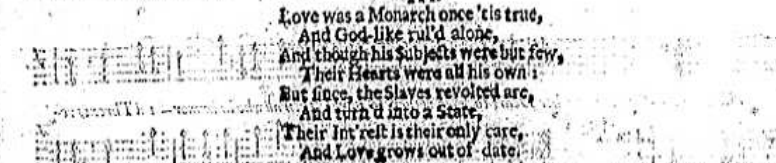
Mr. Fitzburr.

II.



No burning Hope or cold Despair,
Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air
In Love's fantastick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
But Satyrall's a proye,
And All ridiculous create
That shall pretend to love.

III.



Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,
And God-like rul'd alone,
And though his Subjects were but few,
Their Hearts were all his own:
But since the Slaves revolted are,
And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'rest is their only care,
And Love grows out of date.



Quench these Flames! the mi-se-ra-ble state I'm in re-ally be-fore!

be too late: Some Love return, and make me blest, richer than all the Treasure of the East.

Often in my Face my Mind's Disease appears: My silent Brows, my silent for

Slave, Love's penning'd Bow'r to own; since Intell. and Conscience have to long ungr'd this

row shows it self in Tears. In lonely Caves, obscur'd with Woods, the stones I move to

ply with my daily groans: In ov'ry Grove the tender Leaves I paint, both With her Name.

both with her Name, and with my own Consistency. **B**UT might I hope the Gods

did e're de-sign to move her Heart to leave room to any other all who in immor-tal Thrones re-

side, grant, grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day may ever as afraid, grant

grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day, may ever be as this;

By bad, away the Time when free from Love I ranged the Woods and

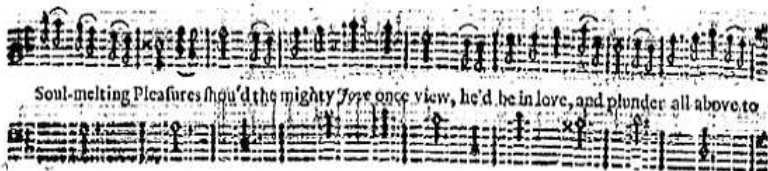
FRY, JOHN, Grove 541, minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Ambition did enthrall.

I minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Ambition didger--thralld
 Mervyn K.

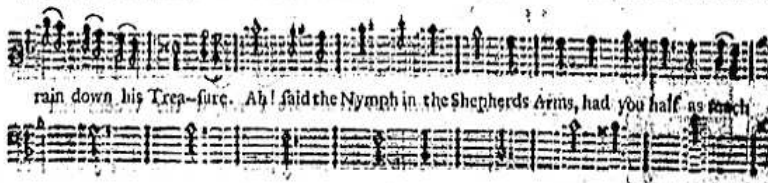
My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my fanners Sheep
But though from Wolves I shied I durst not
None could my watch from the Woods post
But long, & far, upon a distant hill I sat
And on my livid breast I lay
I liv'd alone, & lone I dy'd
That I should be so long, & lone I dy'd
That I should be so long, & lone I dy'd
That I should be so long, & lone I dy'd
But I have learn'd how to my country
That who loves best his native land
But I have learn'd how to my country



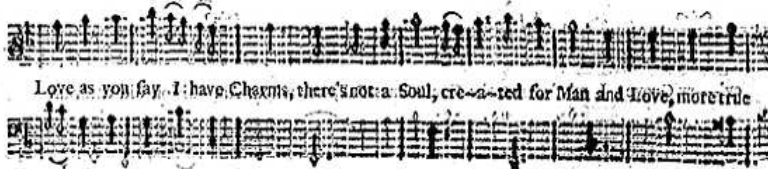
Retzy Florniel, no tongue can e-ver tell the Charms that in thee dwell; those



Soul-melting Pleasures shou'd the mighty Jove once view, he'd be in love, and plunder all above to



rain down his Treas-ure. Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherds Arms, had you half as much



Love as you say, I have Charms, there's not a Soul, cre-a-ted for Man and Love, more true



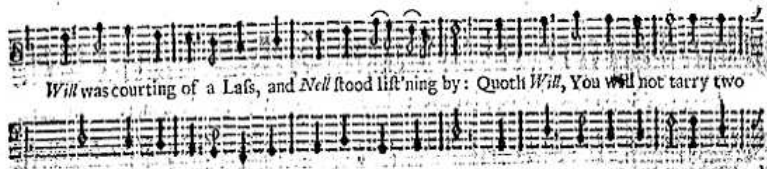
than Florniel wou'd prove; I'd ore the world with thee rove.

Mr. Fildarne.

Love that's truly free had never Jealousy;
But artful Love may be, wif'ry's a snare;
Both doubtful and wooing,
Ah! dear Shepherds, be no doubt, for you may guess
My Heart will prove no less
Than ever endless loving.
Then, cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be;
And I, like the Moon, will produce all to thee;
Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'll Off'ings pay
To my Saint. Nay then pray, I own and
Take not those dear Eyes away.



N the Shade, up--on the Grass where Nymphs and Shepherds lye



Will was courting of a Lais, and Nell stood list'ning by: Quoth Will, You will not tarry two



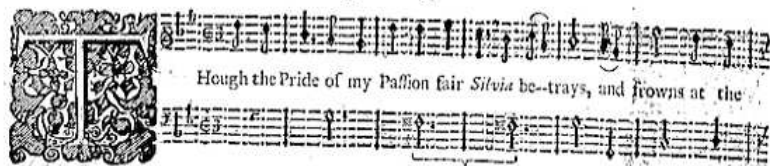
Months before you marry. Fye, no, fye, no, never, never tell me so; for a Maid I'll live and



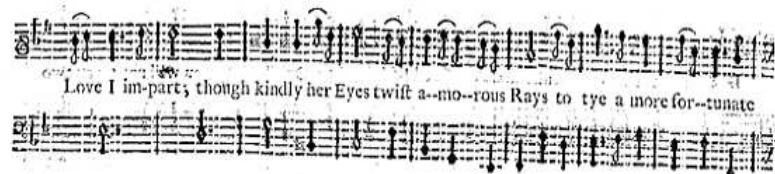
dye. Quoth Nell, So will not I.

Mr. Fildarne.

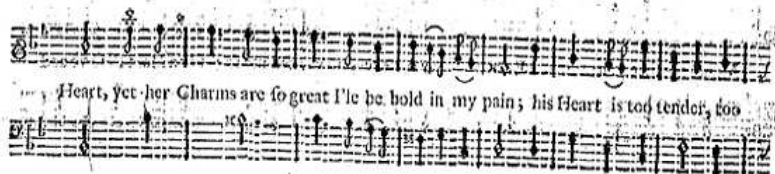
Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kisses mixt between,
With a Song he charmd her Ears;
How Minds have alter'd been;
Finding his Love grown stronger,
For fear of staying longer,
Cry'd, Good now, pray now,
If you love me let me go,
For fear you change my Mind,
And leave my Heart behind.



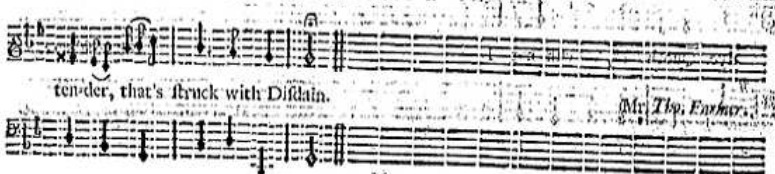
Hough the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* be-trays, and frowns at the



Love I im-part; though kindly her Eyes twilt a-mo-rous Rays to tie a more for-tunate



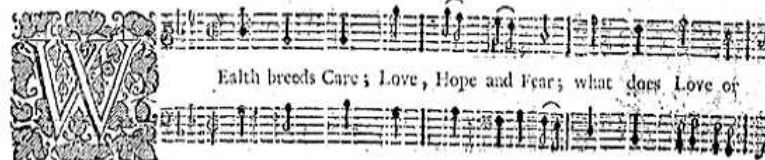
Heart, yet her Charms are so great I'll be hold in my pain; his Heart is too tender, too



tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Mr. Tho. Enmer.

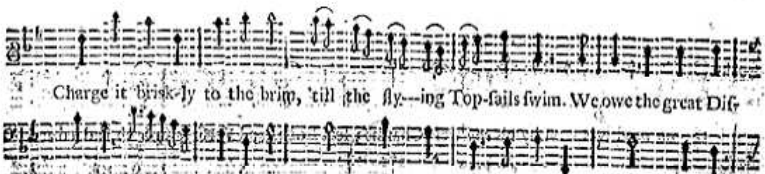
Still my Heart is so join'd to my passionate Eyes,
It dissolves with delight while I gaze;
And he that loves on, though *Silvia* denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys;
I no more can restrain fier' Neglects to pursue,
Than the force; she force;
Of her Beauty, can't cease to adore.



Eath breeds Care; Love, Hope and Fear; what does Love or



Bus-ness here? while *Bacchus* mer-ry does ap-pear, fight on and fear no sinking,



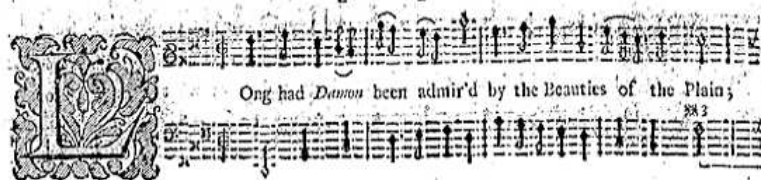
Charge it brisk-ly to the brim, 'till the fly-ing Top-sails swim. We owe the great Dis-



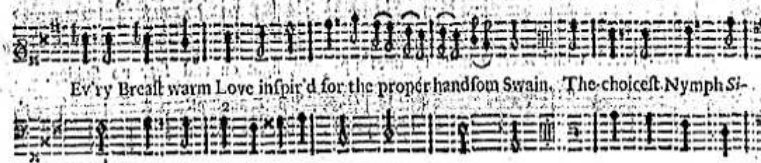
covery to him of this New World of Drinking.

Mr. Fishburne.

II.
Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the Gods of Vine
Makes every great Commander
Let sober Sops be hid, and drown'd
The Wife and Yarrant to the world
The Stagyrs like the honest
Be drunk with all my might
Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the English King of France;
On to the next, a health to the King of Spain;
By *Bacchus* and *Silvia* join'd
Thus in state I lead the Van, at your command
Fall in your place by your right hand Man;
Beat Drum, now March, I'll be a dub, and can:
He's a fellow that will not follow
And a fellow that will not follow
And a fellow that will not follow



Once had *Damon* been admir'd by the Beauties of the Plain,



Ev'ry Breath warm Love inspir'd for the proper hand from Swain. The choicest Nymph Si-



...-lia bred was won by his restless Charms; soft Looks, and Verbe as smooth, had led and

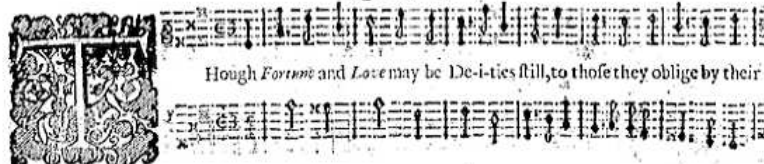


left the Captive in his Arms.

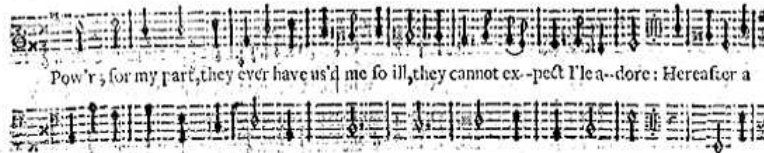
Mr. Fishburne.

But our *Damon's* Soul aspires
To a Goddess of his Race;
Though his lies with chaster Fires,
This his Glories does deface.
The fatal News too sooper blown
In Whispers up the Chestnut Row,
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
Blasts all the Laurels on his Brow.
Swains be wise, and check Desires
In its soaring, when you woo:
Damon may in Love requite
The style and *Lullaby* too.
When shepherds to ambitious are,
And court *Astrea* on a Throne,
Like to the shooting of a Star
They fall, and thus their Shining's gone.

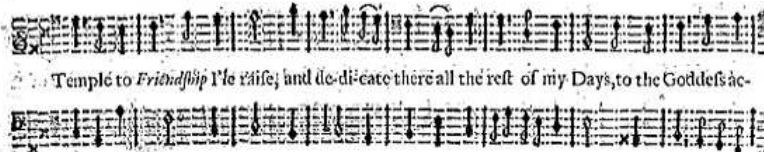
Cl



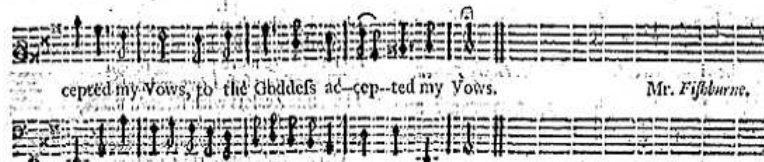
Hough *Fortune* and *Love* may be De-i-ties still, to those they oblige by their



Pow'r; for my part, they ever have us'd me so ill, they cannot ex-pect I lea-dore: Hereafter a



Temple to *Friendship* I'll raise; and de-dicate there all the rest of my Days, to the Goddess ac-



cepted my Vows, to the Goddess ac-cepted my Vows.

Mr. Fishburne.

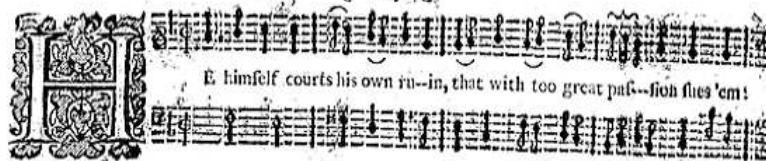
II.

Thou perfectest Image of all things divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours; and the Services mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires?
I offer a Heart his Devotion so pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

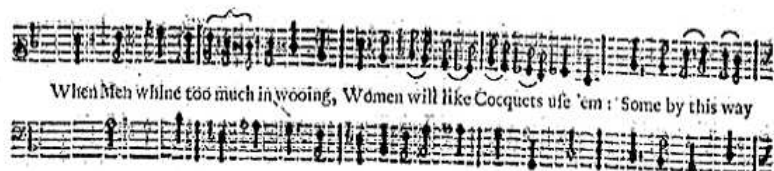
III.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
I find I am too much in her pow'r;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
In absence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
Of languish away in despair,
Or languish, &c.

E



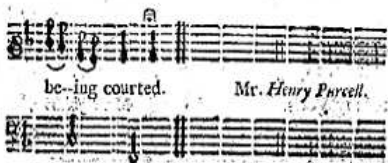
Himself courts his own ru--in, that with too great pas--sion flues 'em!



When Men whine too much in wooing, Women will like Coquets use 'em: Some by this way



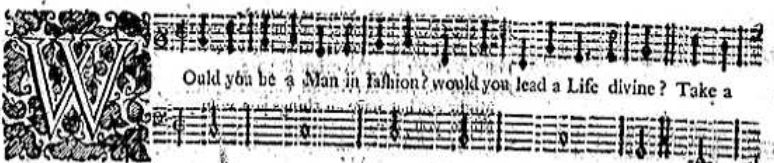
of addressing have the Sex so far transported, that they'l fool away the blessing for the pride of



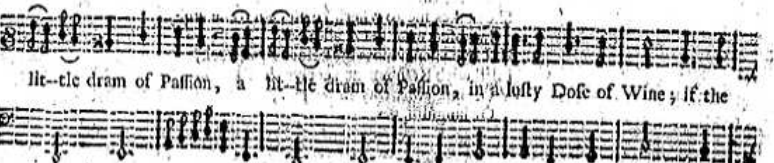
be--ing courted.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

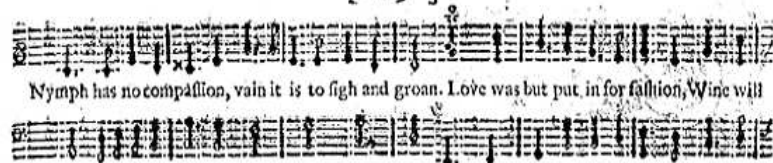
II.
Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
While some Blockhead buys the Favour;
Presents have more power o're 'em
Than all our soft Love and Labour.
Thus, like Zealots, with scrow'd Faces,
We our fooling make the greater;
While we cant long-winded Graces
Others they fall to the Creature.



ould yea be a Man in fashion? would you lead a Life divine? Take a



lit--tle dram of Passion, a lit--tle dram of Passion, in a lusty Dose of Wine; if the

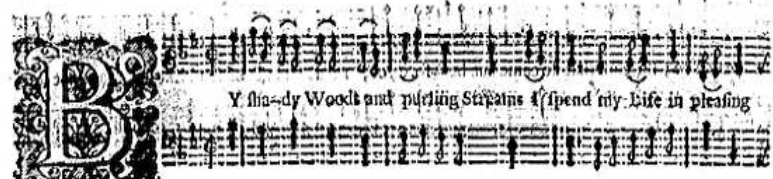


Nymph has no compassion, vain it is to sigh and groan. Love was but put in for fashion, Wine will

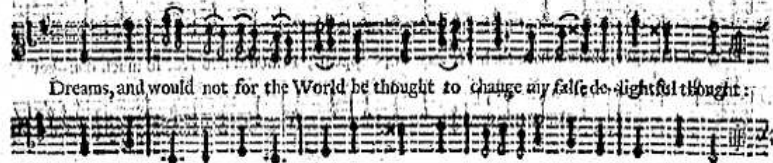


do the work a--lone.

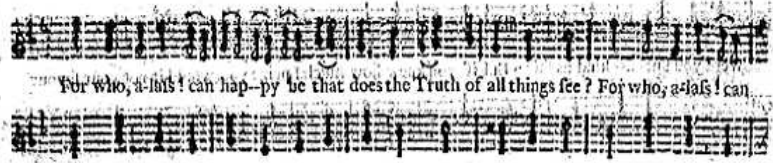
Capt. Pack.



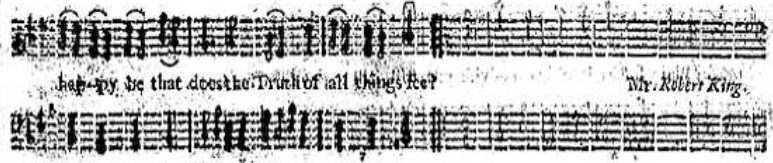
Y shad-y Woods and purring Strains I spend my life in pleasing



Dreams, and would not for the World be thought to change my false de-sightful thought:

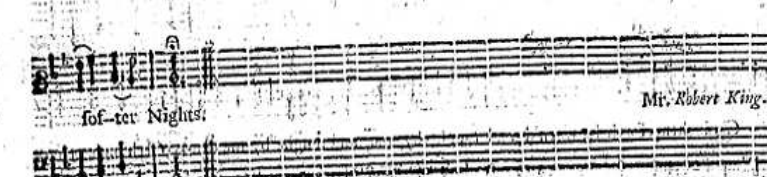
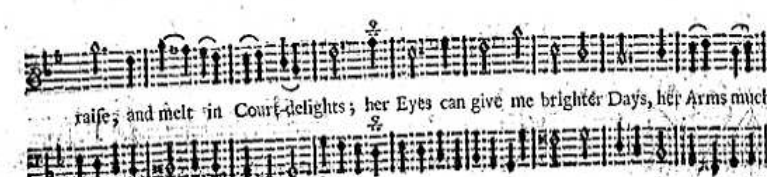
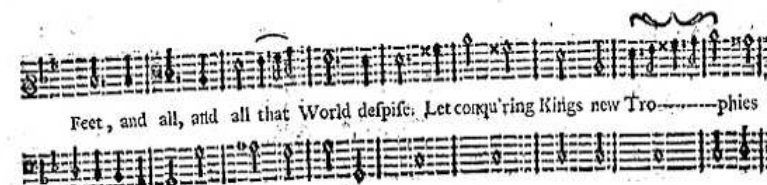
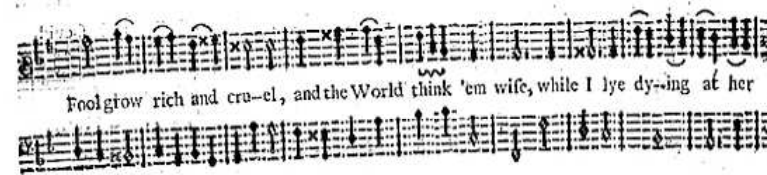
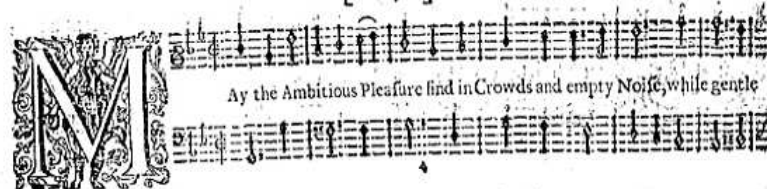
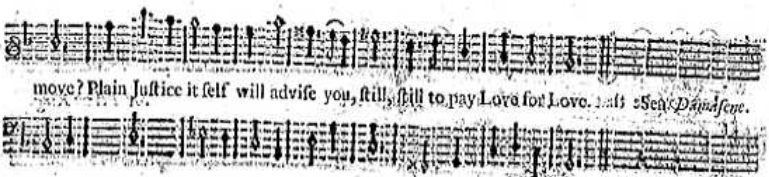
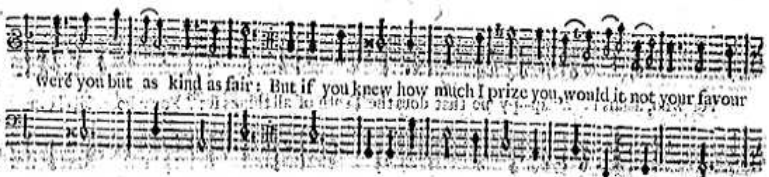
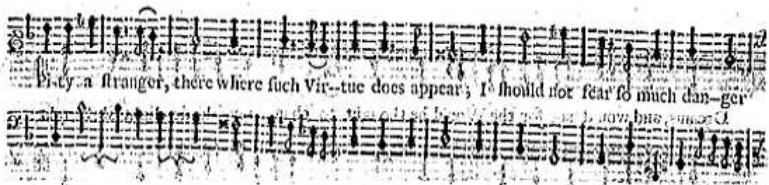
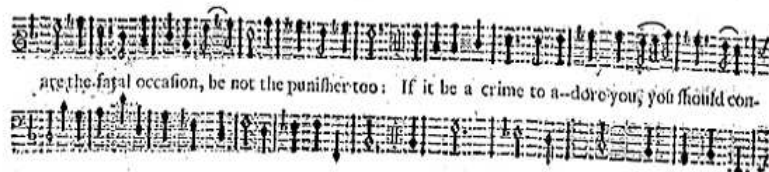
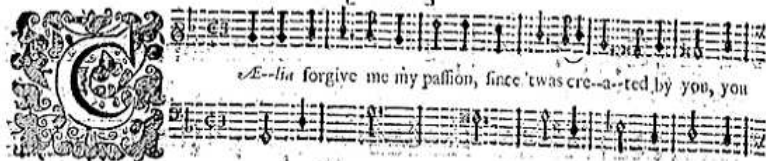


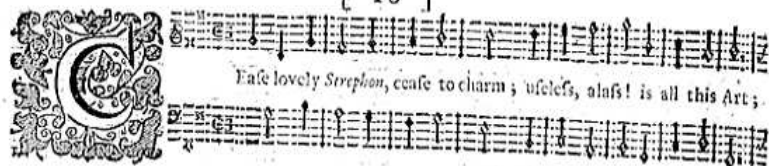
For who, a-las! can hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see? For who, a-las! can



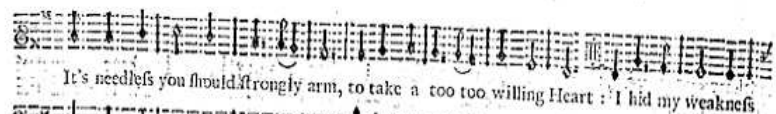
hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see?

Mr. Robert King.

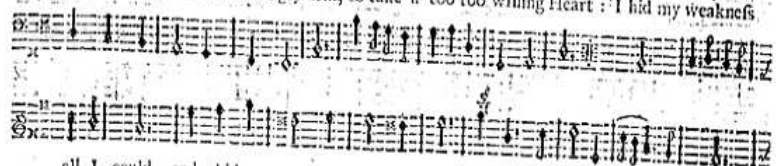




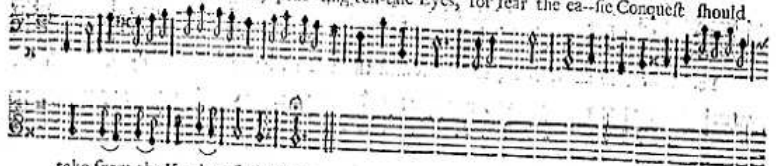
Fare lovely Strephon, cease to charm; useless, alas! is all this Art;



It's needless you should strongly arm, to take a too too willing Heart: I hid my weakness



all I could, and chid my pratling tell-tale Eyes, for fear the ease Conquest should



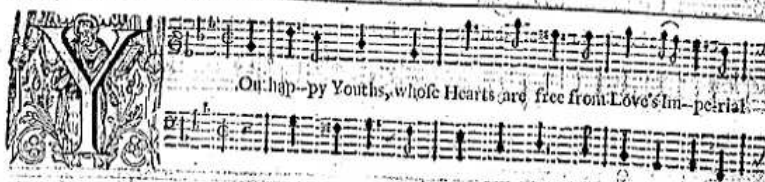
take from the Value of the Prize.

Sen. Damascene.

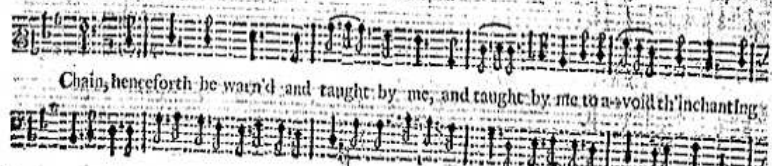


II.

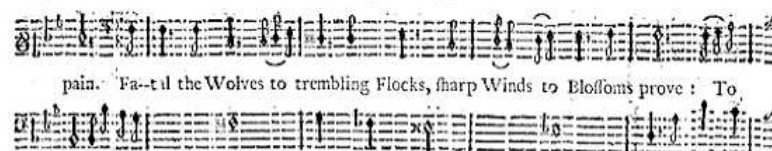
But, oh! the unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd,
And soon alas! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield.
Though you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o're a vanquish'd Foe.



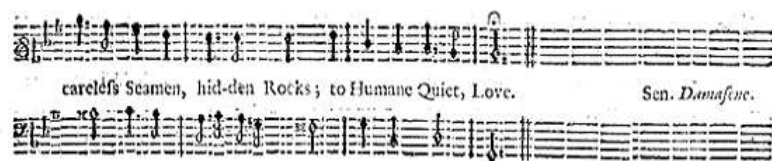
On hap-py Youths, whose Hearts are free from Love's Imperial



Chain, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me, and taught by me to avoid th'enchanting



pain. Fa-tal the Wolves to trembling Flocks, sharp Winds to Blossoms prove: To

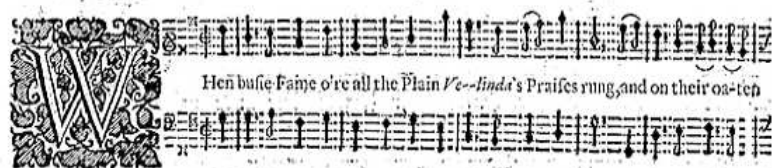


careless Seamen, hid-den Rocks; to Humane Quiet, Love.

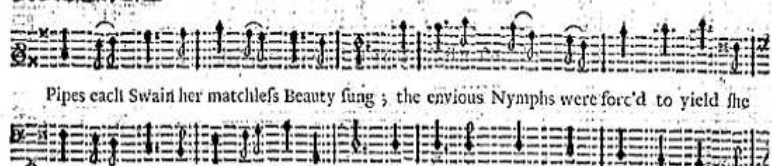
Sen. Damascene.

II.

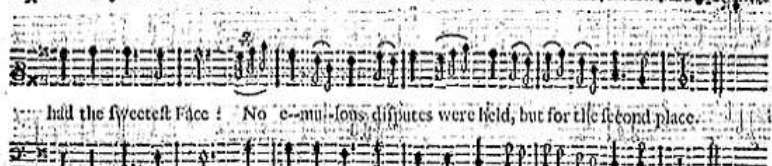
Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss your prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
The Kind with restless Jealousie,
The Cruel fill with Care;
With baser Falshood those betray,
These kill us with Despair.



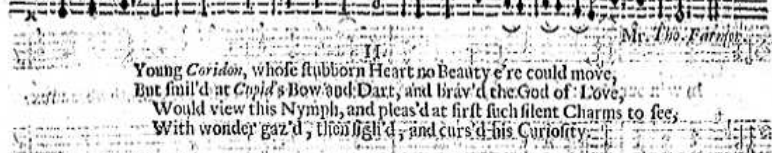
Hen busie Fame o're all the Plain Ve-nd's Praises ring, and on their oar-ten



Pipes each Swain her matchless Beauty sung; the envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield she



had the sweetest Face! No e-mul-tions disputes were held, but for the second place.



Young Coridon, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move,
But snail'd at Cupid's Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love,
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd his Curiosity.



Hat art thou Love? whence are those Charms, that thus thou bear'st a

u-ni-verfal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wifeman turns

Fool. In vain we chafe thee from the field; and with cool thoughts refitt thy yoke, next tide of

blood, alas! we yield, and all those high Refolvs are broke. Can we e're hope thou should'st be

true, whom we have found fo often bafe? couzen'd and cheated, still we view and fawn upon the

trecherous Face? In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe fhe fays we muft.

In vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe fhe fays we muft: This for a Brute were an ex-

cufe, whose very foul and life is left, whose very foul and life, whose very foul and life is Lust.

To get our likenefs, what's that? Our likenefs is but mi-fer-y, but mi-

fer-y. Why should I toil to propagate another thing as vile, another thing as

vile a Fool as I: From Hands divine our Spirits came, and Gods that made us did infpire

something more noble in our Frame; above the dregs of earthy Fire: From Hands divine our

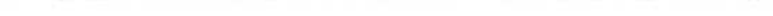
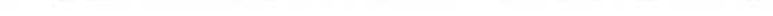
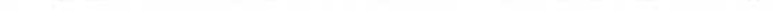
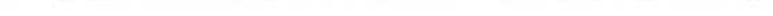
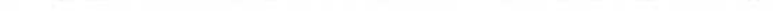
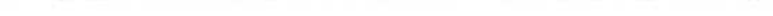
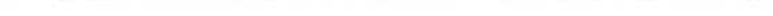
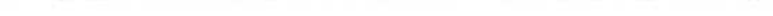
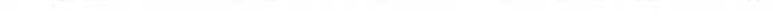
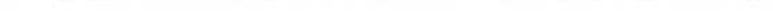
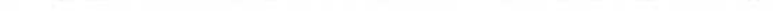
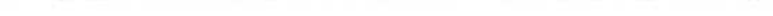
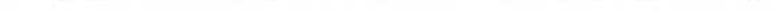
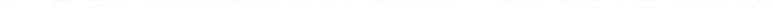
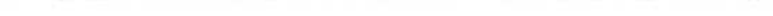
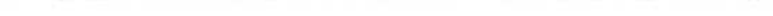
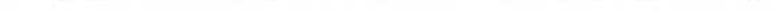
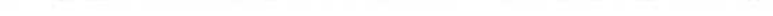
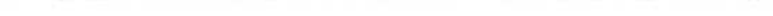
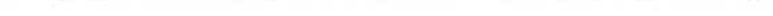
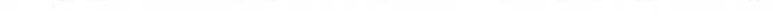
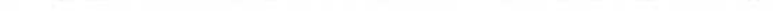
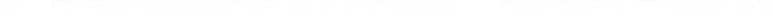
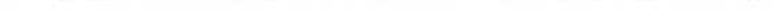
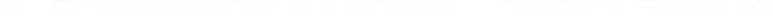
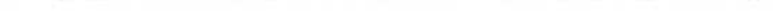
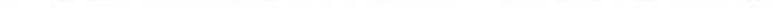
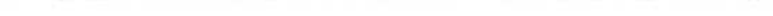
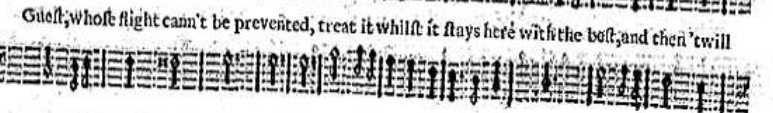
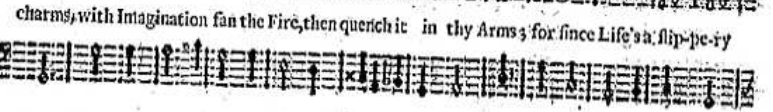
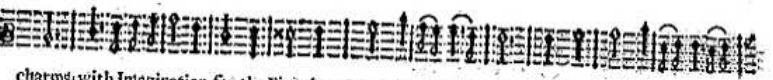
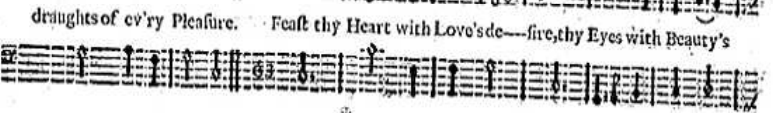
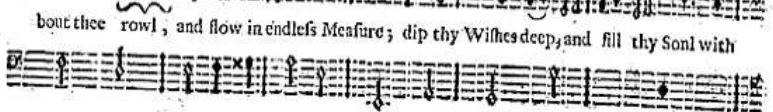
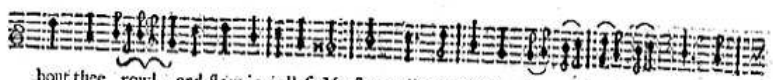
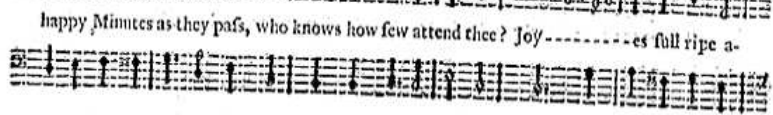
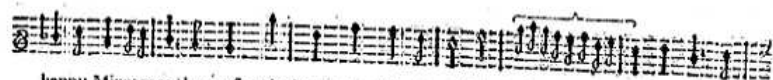
Spirits came, and Gods that made us, did in- fpire something more noble in our Frame

above the dregs of earthy Fire.

Sen. Raptiff.



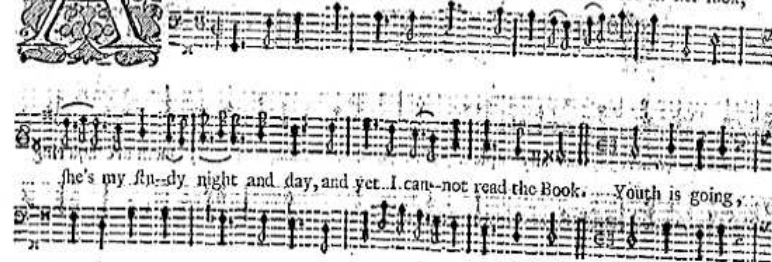
Elcome Mortal to this place, where smiling Fate did send thee, snatch thy



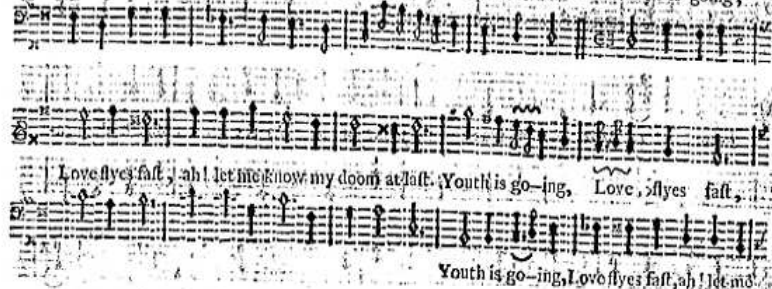
A. 2. Part. Cantata & Basses.



ALL she does and says I weigh, my Fate I seek for in her look,

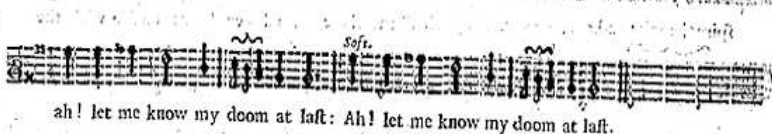


she's my Sun-day night and day, and yet I can-not read the Book. Youth is going,



Love flies fast, ah! let me know my doom at last. Youth is go-ing, Love, flies fast,

Youth is go-ing, Love flies fast, ah! let me



ah! let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last.



know, let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last. Mr. GAVIN.

II.

If my Suit can never thrive,
And my lust Charms forgotten lye;
If for you I must not live,
This Hour, this Moment, let me dye:
Give more force to your Disdain,
And put the Wretched out of pain.

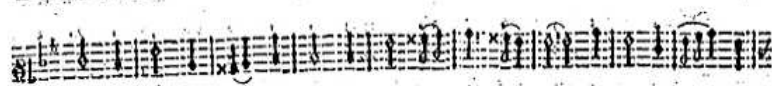
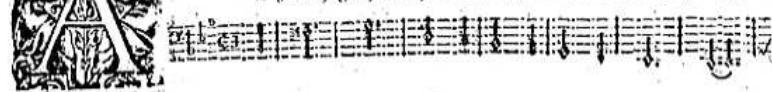
III.

But if my Despair must end,
And my true Love rewarded be;
If your Heart's my private Friend;
Deny no more your self and me!
Quick to my Embraces run, 'till I feel all so, and now my
Heav'n can never come too soon.

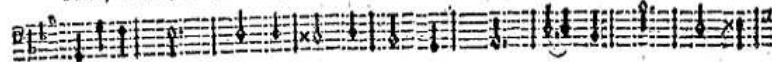
A SONG in the CITY HEIRESESSES.



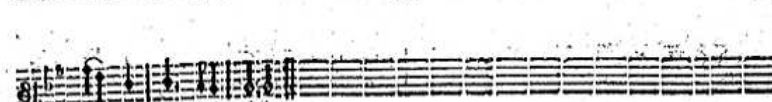
If Jen-ny gin your Eyes do kill, you'll let me tell my pain; gud



Faith, I lov'd a--gainst my will, yet wad not break my Chain: Ize once was call'd a



bon--ny Lad, 'till that fair Face of yours betray'd the Freedom once I had, and



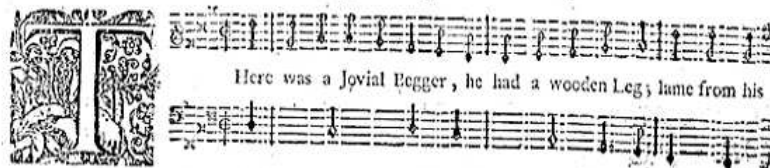
all my bli--ther hours.



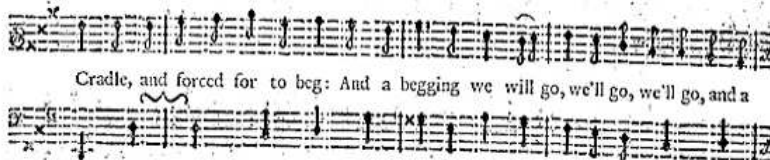
II.

And now wey's me, like Winter looks
My faded show'ring Eya;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along;
So true a Swain as I.

H



Here was a Jovial Begger, he had a wooden Leg; lame from his



Cradle, and forced for to beg: And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a



begging we will go.

II.
A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches
To shew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

III.
A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Rattle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

IV.
To Pimlico we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

V.
And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lash.
And a begging, &c.

VI.
Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Master *Will*,

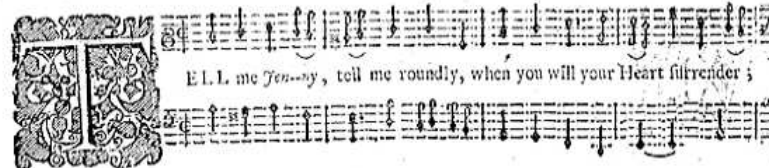
He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, &c.

VII.
I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

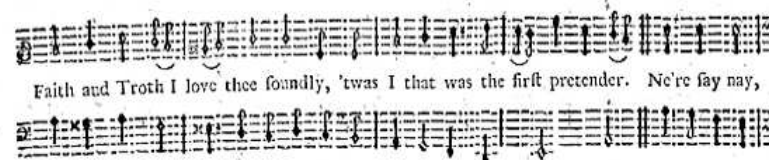
VIII.
In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

IX.
Of all Occupations;
A Begger lives the best;
For when he is a tway,
He'll lye him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

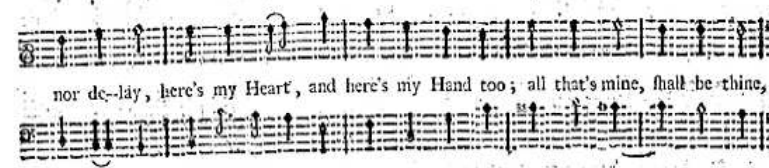
X.
I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggars live so well.
And a begging, &c.



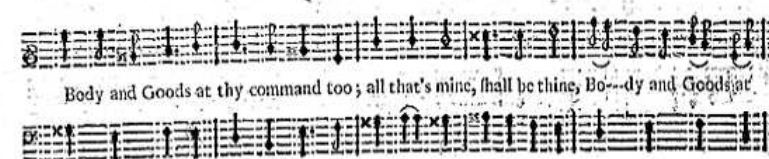
E.L.L. me *Jenny*, tell me roundly, when you will your Heart surrender;



Faith and Troth I love thee soundly, 'twas I that was the first pretender. Ne're say nay,



nor de-lay, here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine, shalt be thine,

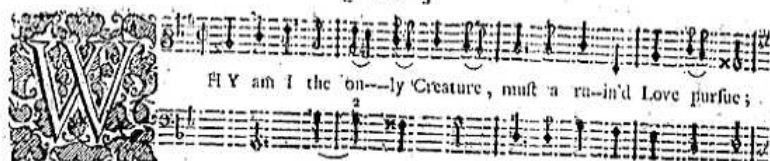


Body and Goods at thy command too; all that's mine, shall be thine, Bo---dy and Goods at

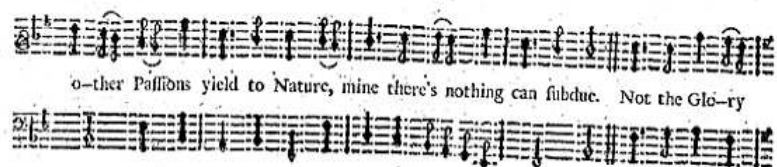


thy command too.

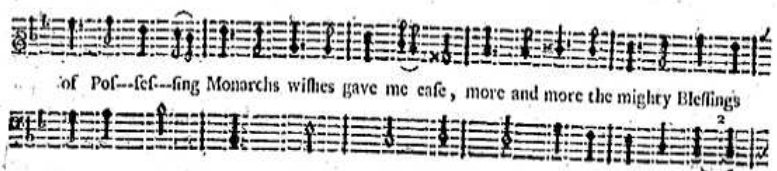
II.
Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to, be true to?
Eye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing,
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Eye! is this your way of Wooing!



W H Y am I the on-ly Creature, must a ra-in'd Love pursue;



o-ther Passions yield to Nature, mine there's nothing can subdue. Not the Glo-ry



of Pos-ses-sing Monarchs wishes gave me ease, more and more the mighty Blessings



did my raging Pains encrease.

Mr. Fishburne.



II.

Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
Though it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monster would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
Nor Despair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments still remain.

III.

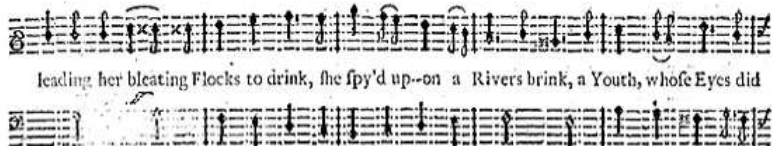
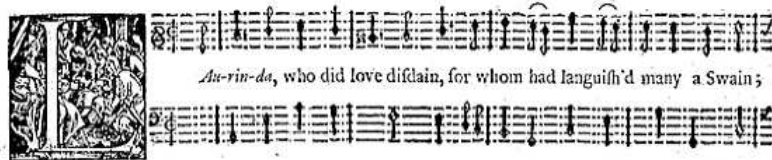
Had alone her matchless Beauty
Set my amorous Heart on fire,
Age at last would do its duty,
Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undo.

IV.

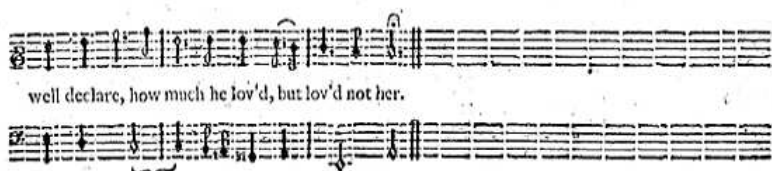
And to make my Loss the greater,
She laments it as her own;
Could she scorn me, I might hate her;
But alas! she shews me none.
Then since Fortune is my Ruine,
In Retirement I'll complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.



L A U R I N D A, who did love disdain, for whom had languish'd many a Swain;



leading her bleating Flocks to drink, she spy'd up-on a Rivers brink, a Youth, whose Eyes did



well declare, how much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

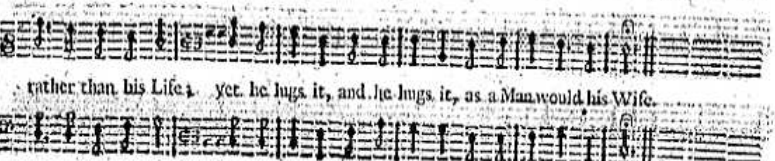
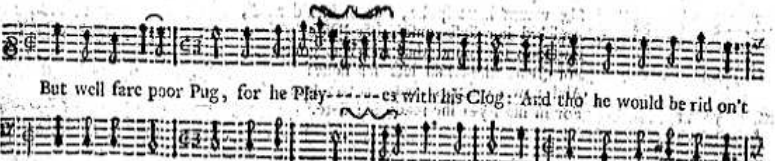
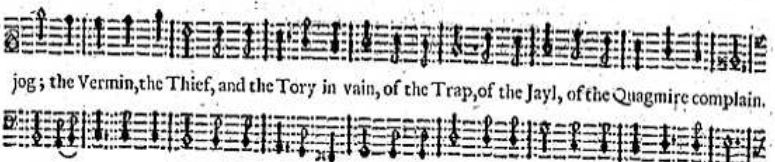
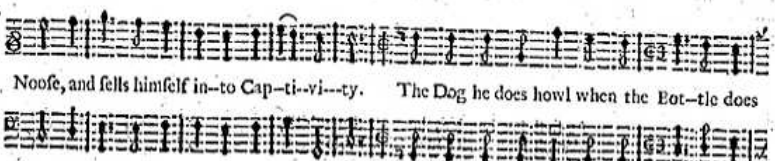
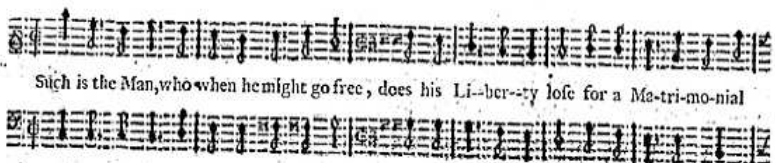
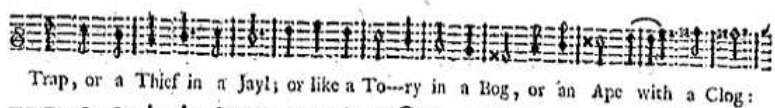
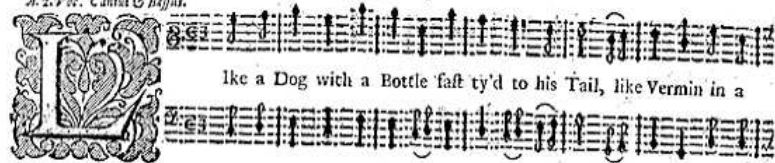
At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile;
Thence to surprise and wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove
Thou art a God, most mighty Jove.

III.

She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Jove, alas! had left her none:
Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.

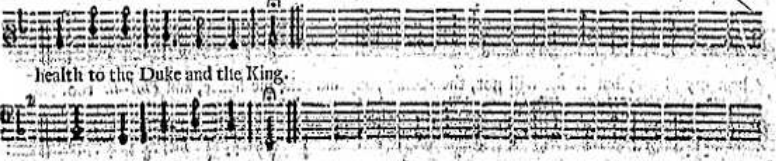
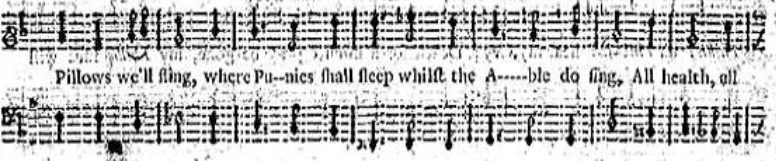
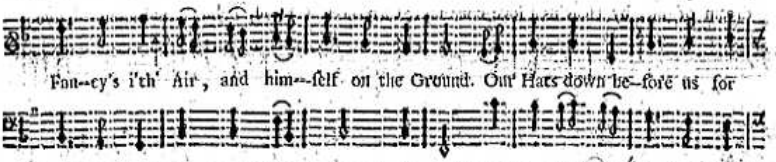
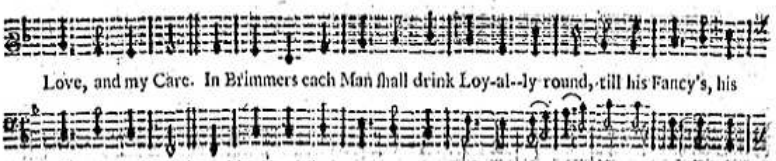
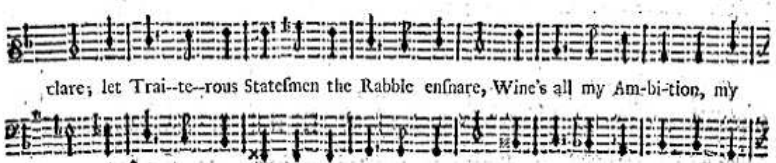
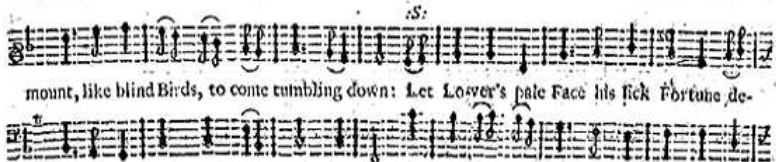
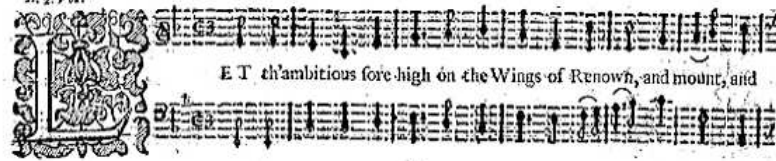


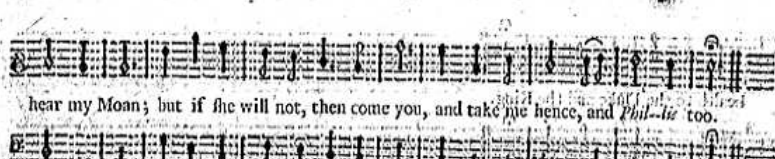
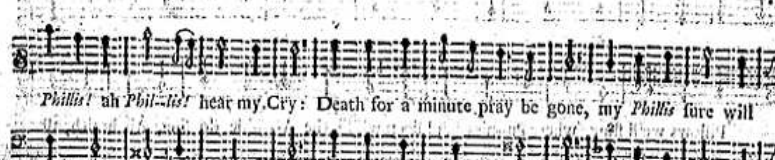
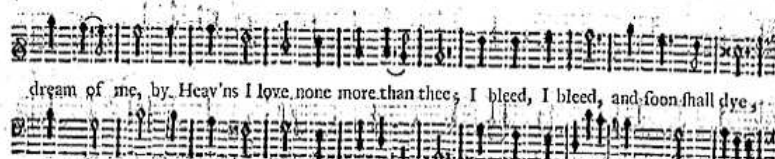
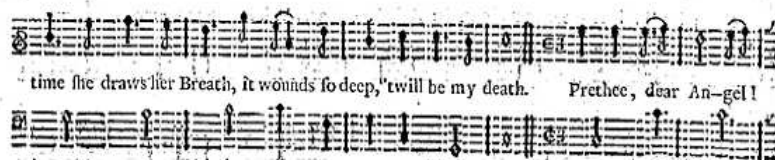
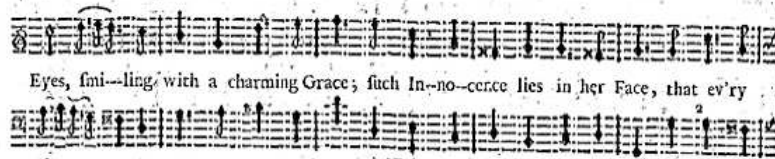
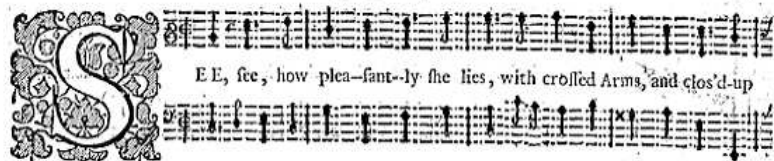
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.



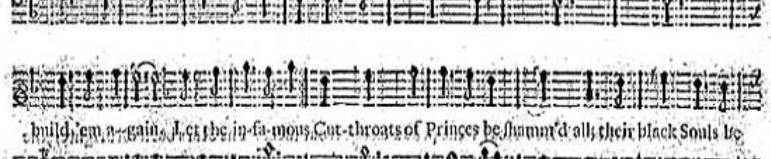
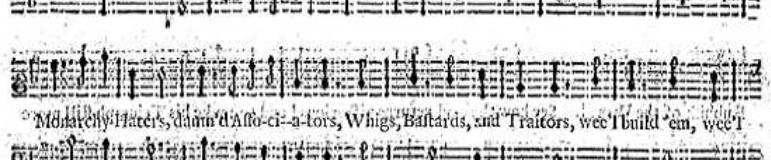
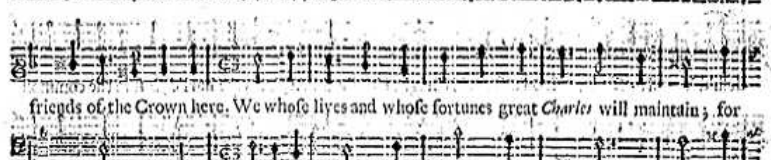
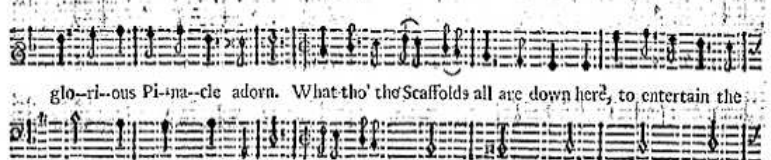
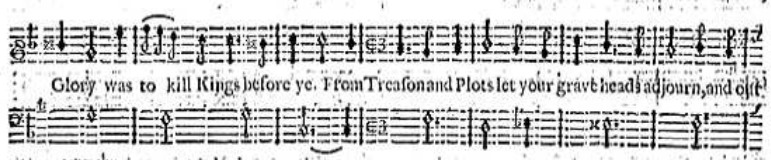
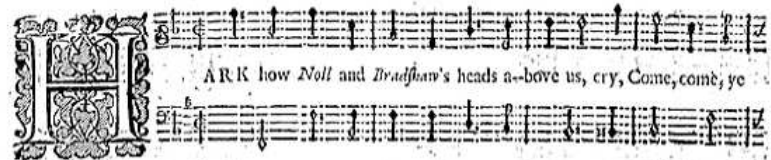
Mr. Tho. Stifford.

A. 2. Voc.



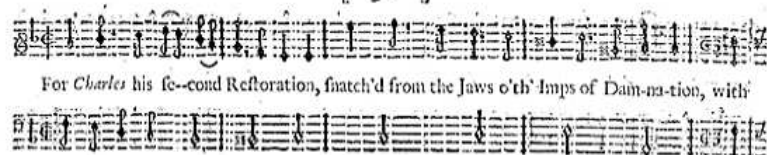


A new LOYAL SONG, made and compos'd to Musick, and sung at the great Feast of the Loyal Gentry of the City of Westminster, in Westminster-Hall, Thursday July 19. 1683.

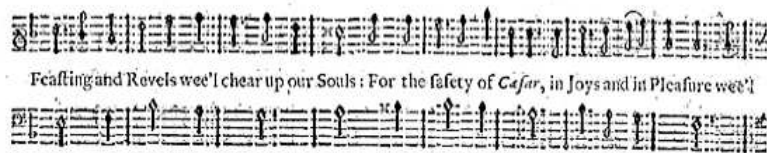


dam'd all, their Blunderbuss ram'd all with Brimstone and Fire in-fer-nal. The Gods that look
 o're him dild by wonder rest on him, their Angels sat round him that hoar that they crown'd him, and were
 list'd his Guards e-ternal. **H**ow like Jove the Monarch of Great-Britain drives the Gi-ant-
 sons of Titan! Down ye Re-bel-crew; ye Slaves that lye under, see Charles with his Thunder has
 dash'd 'em all a-sunder: Down from his bright Heav'n the Aspirers are hurl'd, lost in the common
 Rubbish of the World. See how the God returns victorious! and to make his Triumph still more
 glorious, see the whole Host of Heav'n the proud Conquerour meet! The Stars burst all brighter, the

Sun mounts up-righter, while his Steeds gallop lighter, to see, see their Jove made so great. With the
 brands and the stings of a Conscience disloyal, from the fi-ry Trial let the coward Slaves fly all, leave
 Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em, whilst the great Desperado's all turn Renegado's, with their
 old Friends took napping, in fond Coal-hole at Wapping, shall CHARLES and his Justice find 'em.
Let the Malice of fanatic Roundhead, hatch'd in Hell, be still confounded! May the Roy--al
 Brothers no Storm e're sever, but new wonder's de-liver, and their Heirs reign for-ever; on
 England's bright Throne sit, 'till Time's last sand runs, and stop their Glories Char'ot with the Sun's!



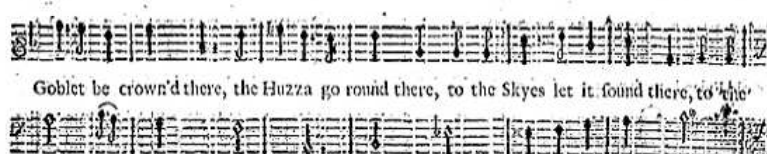
For *Charles* his se-*cond* Res-tor-ation, snatch'd from the Jaws o'th' Imps of Dam-na-tion, with



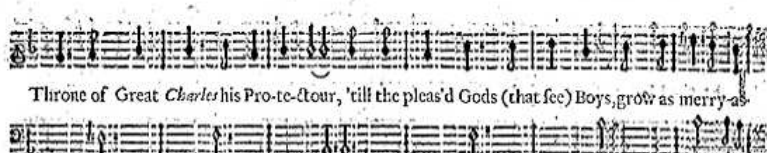
Feasting and Revels wee'l chear up our Souls : For the safety of *Cæsar*, in Joys and in Pleasure wee'l



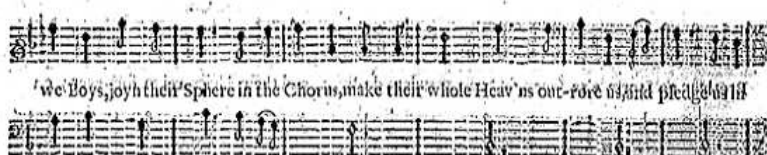
out-run all measure, 'till our hearts shall o'reflow like our bowls For a Health to great *Charles* let the



Goblet be crown'd there, the Huzza go round there, to the Skyes let it sound there, to the



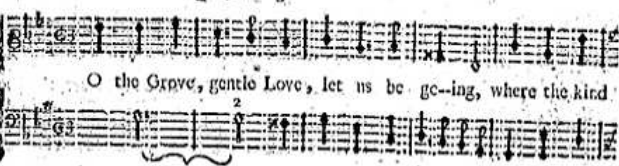
Throne of Great *Charles* his Pro-te-ctor, 'till the pleas'd Gods (that see) Boys grow as merry as



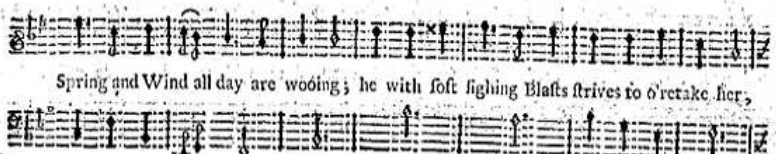
'we Boys, joy in their Sphere in the Chorus, make their whole Heav'n as our-fore and pre-chaunt



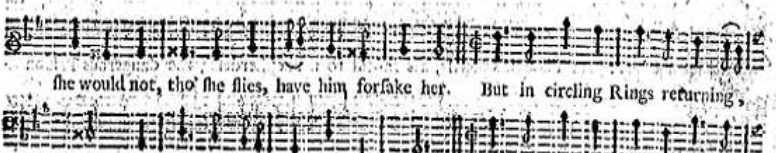
Bumpers of Nectar. *Mr. Francis Ford*



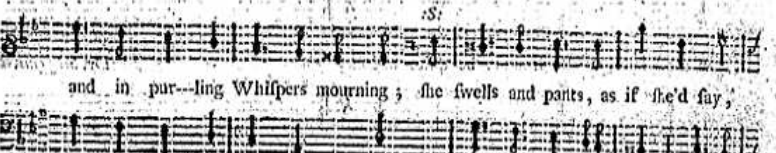
O the Grove, gentle Love, let us be go-ing, where the kind



Spring and Wind all day are wooing ; he with soft sighing Blasts strives to o'retake her,



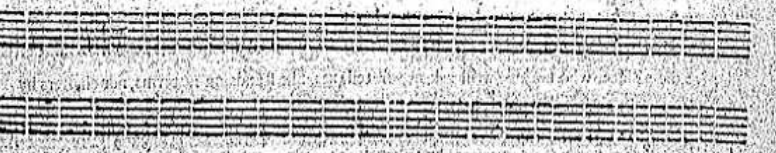
she would not, tho' she lies, have him forsake her. But in circling Rings returning,



and in pur-ling Whispers mourning ; she swells and pants, as if she'd say,

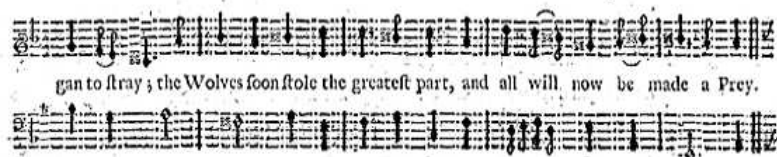


Fain I would, but dare not stay

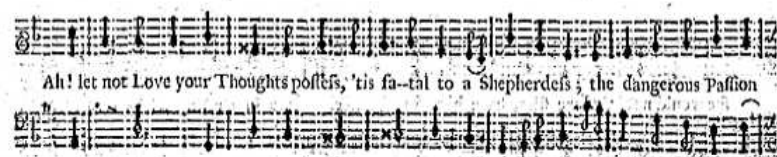




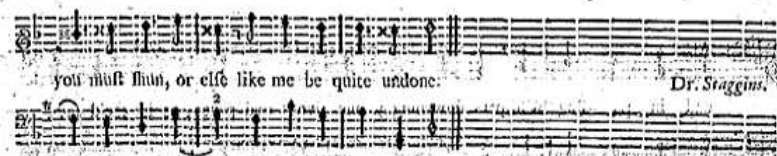
Then first *Allegretto* charm'd my Heart, the heedless Sheep be-



gan to stray; the Wolves soon stole the greatest part, and all will now be made a Prey.

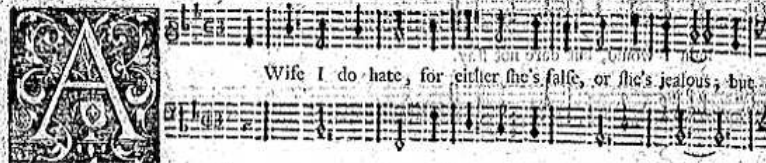


Ah! let not Love your Thoughts possess, 'tis fa-tal to a Shepherdess; the dangerous Passion

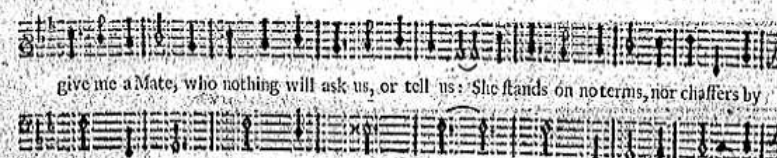


you must shun, or else like me be quite undone.

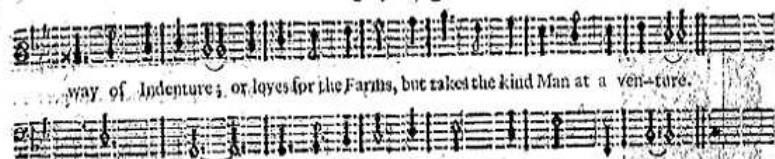
Dr. Staggins.



Wife I do hate, for either she's false, or she's jealous; but



give me a Mate, who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She stands on no terms, nor chaffers by

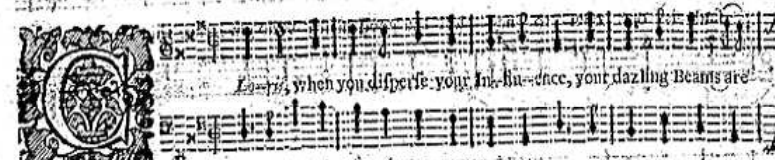


way of Adventure; or loves for the Farms, but takes the kind Man at a ven-ture.

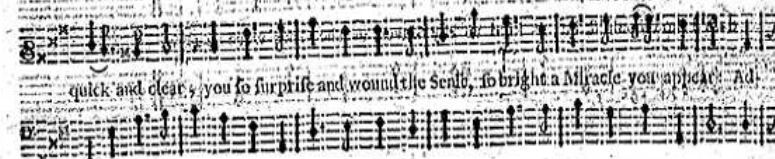
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

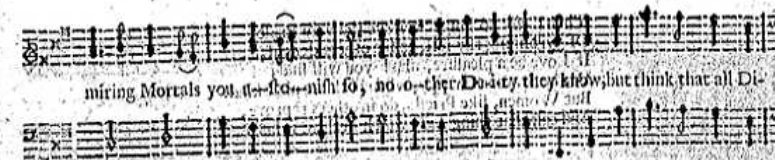
If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorce'd the next morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



Loose, when you disperse your In-flu-ence, your dazzling Beams are

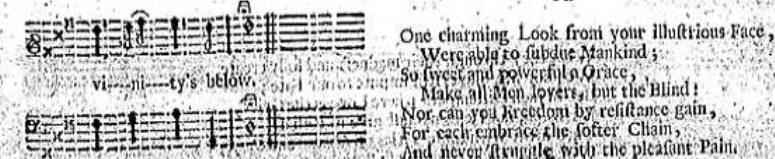


quick and clear; you so surprize and wound the Senses, so bright a Miracle you appear: Ad-

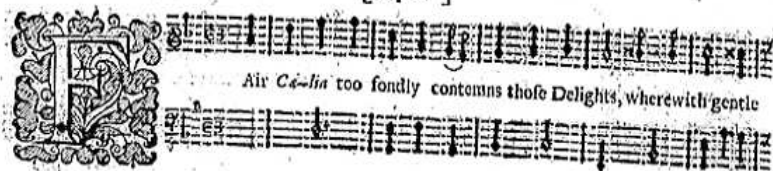


miring Mortals you de-stro-nyish so, no o-ther Do-ctry they know, but think that all Di-

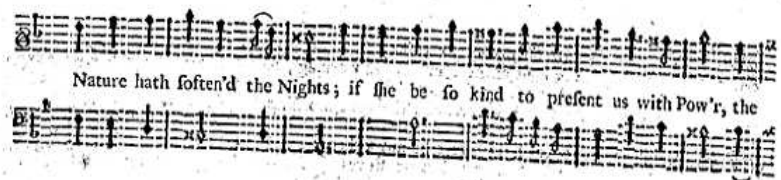
II.



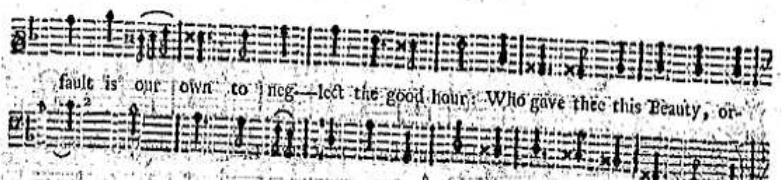
One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind;
So sweet and powerful a Grace,
Make all Men lovers, but the Blind!
Nor can you Freedom by resistance gain,
For each embrace the softer Claim,
And never struggle with the pleasant Pain.



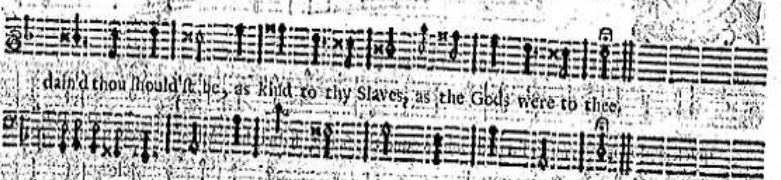
Air *Cælia* too fondly contemns those Delights, wherewith gentle



Nature hath soften'd the Nights; if she be so kind to present us with Pow'r, the

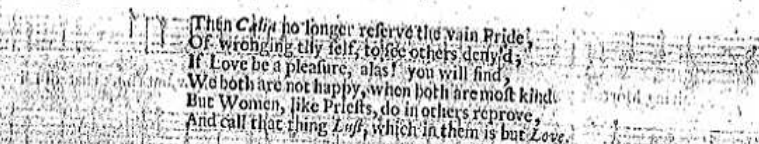


fault is our own to neg-lect the good hour: Who gave thee this Beauty, or



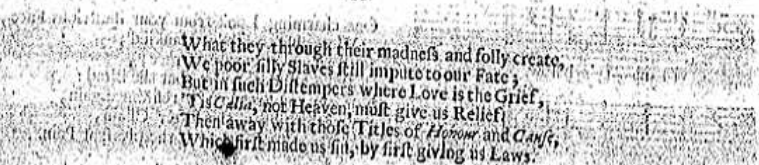
dain'd thou should'st be, as kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee

II.

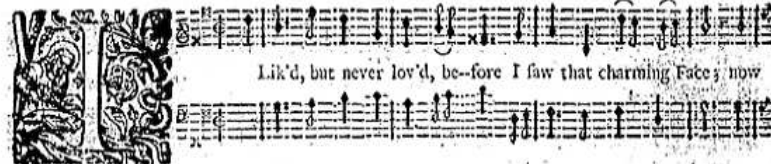


Then *Cælia* no longer reserve the vain Bride,
Of wronging thy self, to see others deny'd;
If Love be a pleasure, alas! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are most kind.
But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
And call that thing *Love*, which in them is but *Love*.

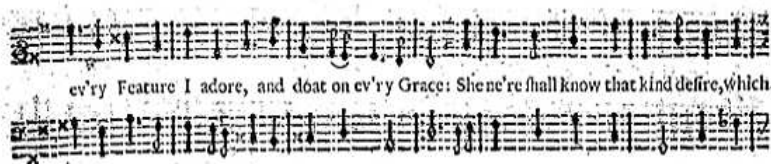
III.



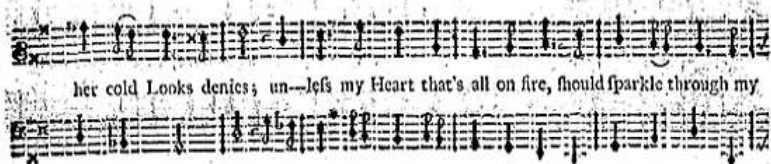
What they through their madness and folly create,
We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate;
But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
Tis *Cælia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief.
Then away with those Titles of *Honour* and *Grace*,
Which first made us sin, by first giving us Laws.



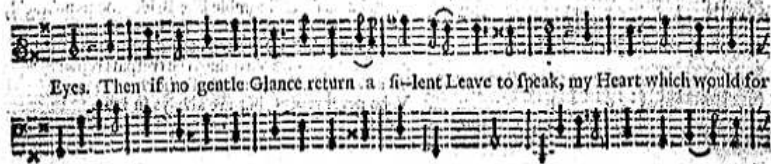
Lik'd, but never lov'd, be-fore I saw that charming Face; now



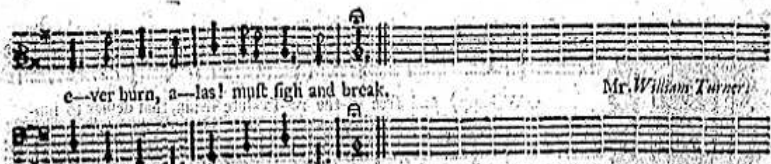
ev'ry Feature I adore, and doat on ev'ry Grace: She ne'er shall know that kind desire, which



her cold Looks denies; un-less my Heart that's all on fire, should sparkle through my

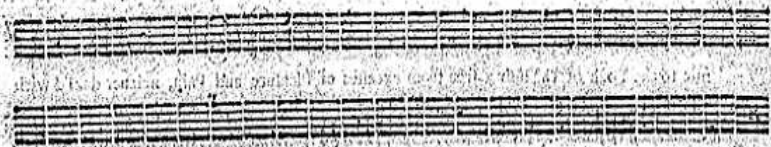


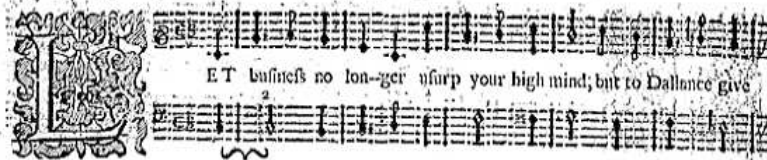
Eyes. Then if no gentle Glance return, a si-lent Leave to speak, my Heart which would for



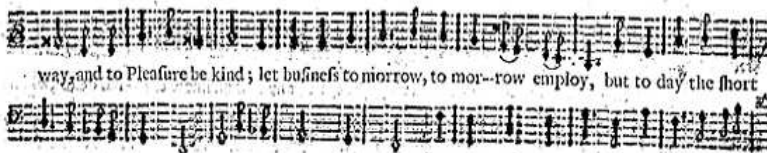
e-ver burn, a-las! must sigh and break.

Mr. William Turner

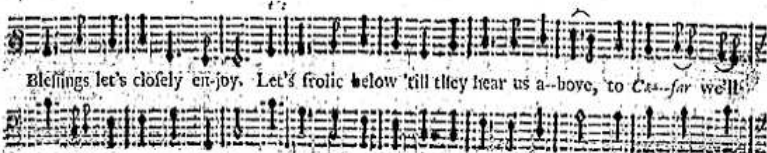




ET business no lon-ger usurp your high mind; but to Dallance give



way, and to Pleasure be kind; let business to morrow, to mor-row employ, but to day the short



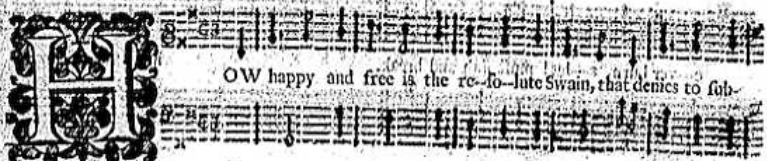
Blessings let's closely en-joy. Let's frolic below 'till they hear us a-bove, to Cas-sar we'll



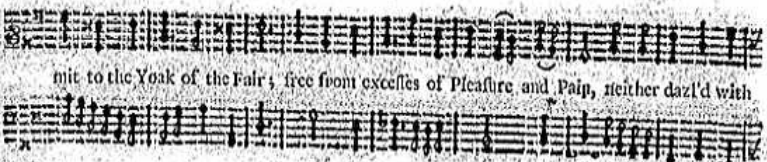
II.

From business we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And sussest on Pleasures which others but tast:
We'll laugh 'till we weep on the Breasts of the Fair,
And Tears that are shed shall the trespass repair.
Then study below to act those above,
Who never repent, but are always in love.

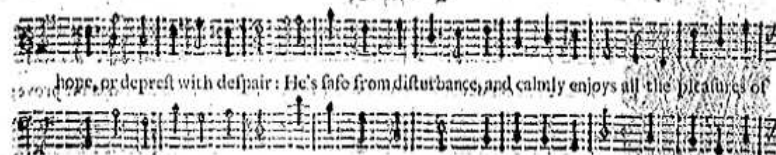
Dr. Strickland.



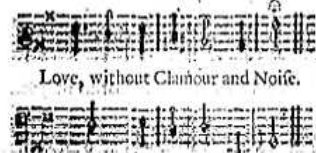
OW happy and free is the re-so-lute Swain, that denies to sub-



mit to the Yoke of the Fair; free from excesses of Pleasure and Pain, neither daz'd with



hope, or depress with despair: He's safe from disturbance, and calmly enjoys all the pleasures of



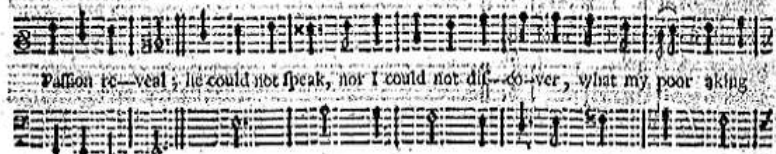
II.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
'To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, fullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
For they boyl in their Grief 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under a Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'relaid by the Nurse.

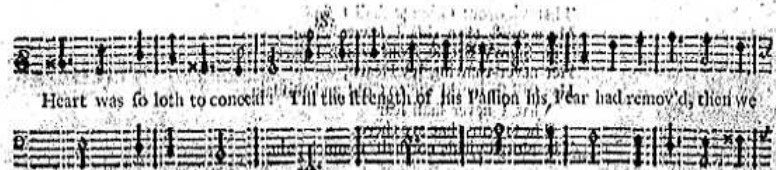
Mr. Richard Croone.



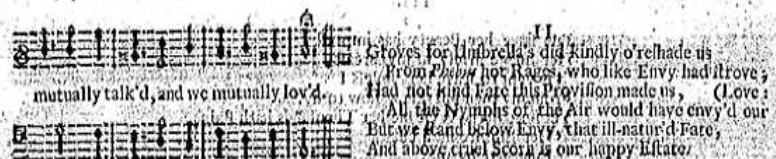
Ong was the play'e re-lex, my Lover, to finish my Hopes would his



Passion re-veal; he could not speak, nor I could not dis-co-ver, what my poor aking



Heart was so loth to conceal: 'Till the strength of his Passion his Year had remov'd, then we

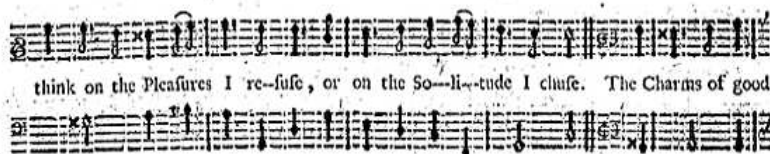


Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'reshade us
From Phoebe's hot Rages, who like Envy had strove;
Had not kind Love this Provision made us, (Love:
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fare,
And above cruel Scorn is our happy Estate.

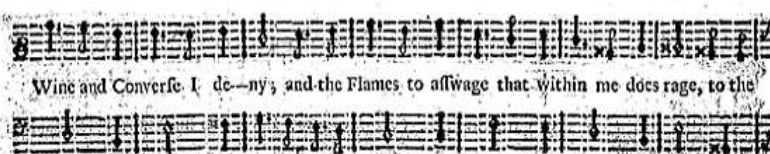
Mr. William Turner.



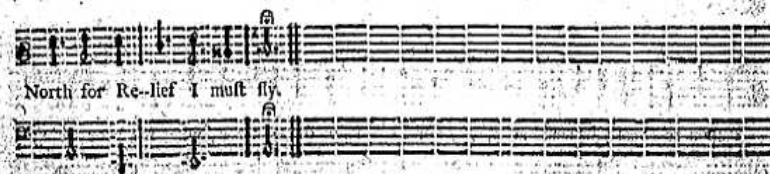
HO e're does doubt the pow'r of Love, see but those Pains he makes me prove;



think on the Pleasures I re-suse, or on the So-li-tude I chuse. The Charms of good



Wine and Converse I de-ny; and the Flames to assuage that within me does rage, to the



North for Re-lief I must fly.

II.

That vigorous Climate shall I find
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy Breast from which I part;
Her never-thawing Icy Heart,
Has still so injur'd me to Cold and Disdain,
That I never shall fear
The Storms that are there,
The North yields not half so much pain.

III.

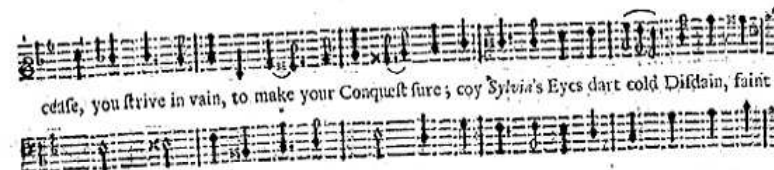
But since her Beauty has impress
Her Image firmly in my Breast,
Tis vain to leave her, unless I
From my own self knew how to fly.
Yet since in the West she her Thousands hath gain,
Her Empire shall be
Enlarged by me,
In the North *Dorinda* shall Reign.



T Syl-via's feet young Strephon lay, whilst with a Scornful



Pride, she view'd the hum-ble a-mo-tous Boy, and did his Fate deride: Ah Strephon!



cease, you strive in vain, to make your Conquest sure; coy Sylvia's Eyes dart cold Disdain, faint



Hopes, but sure Despair.

Mr. John Roffey.

Tears lose their Virtue, when address,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on Sylvia's Icy Breast,
To Chrytal strait convert.

Then gentle Strephon seek no more,
What thou shalt never find;
Thy fruitless Passion give o're,
And love a Nymph more kind:

One that shall all thy Joys compleat,
And Happiness secure;
When both with equal Flame shall meet,
Such noble Loves endure.

[Sing these four
Lines to the
latter part of
the Tune.]

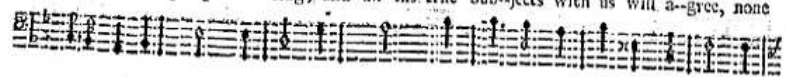
A LOYAL Song.



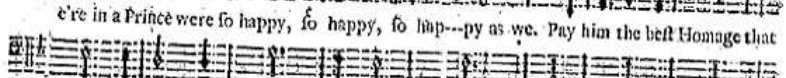
Like Quires of Angels we'll Loy--al--ly sing, whil't Heav'n loves the



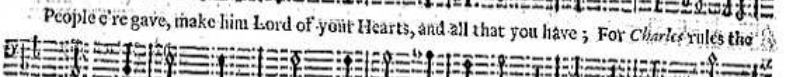
Musick, God prosper the King; and all his true Sub--jects with us will a--gree, none



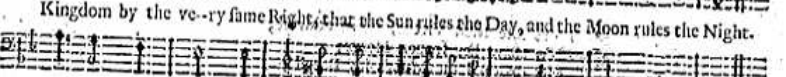
e're in a Prince were so happy, so happy, so hap--py as we. Pay him the best Homage that



People e're gave, make him Lord of your Hearts, and all that you have; For Charles rules the



Kingdom by the ve-ry same Right, that the Sun rules the Day, and the Moon rules the Night.



Mr. Francis Forster.

I I.
Phanatics be damn'd, who Succession out-face,
And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace;
With Julian and Plato, and all their Decrees,
Who set up new Princes when ever they please:
But long live the King for to triumph o're those,
Who the Laws of the Crown or Land do oppose
And when our great Monarch to Heav'n must begone,
May the rightful Successor then sit on his Throne.

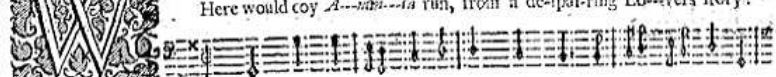
III.
When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forsook,
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;
The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown,
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:

And tho' Whigs in Cabals do daily combine,
The Birds of the Air will reveal the design;
And joyful Succession just Heav'n shall secure,
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.
IV.
Hie hie the People, when Heav'n does Espouse
The Cause of the King, and establish his House;
No Cant of Phanatics, or Commonwealth Zeal,
Can ever prevail by a Whiggish Appeal:
But Charles must for ever the Scepter command,
Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand;
And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day
And make his whole Reign a long Thanksgiving.

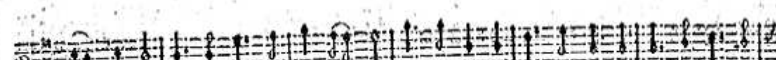
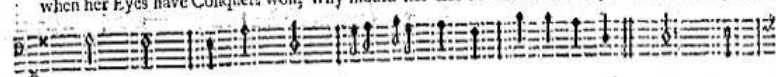
A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valentinian.



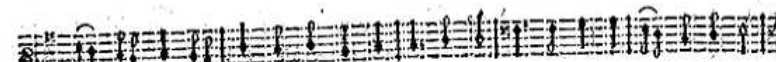
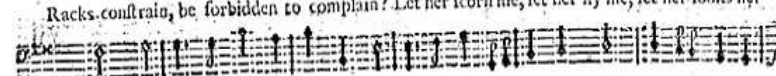
Here would coy A--ndr--ia run, from a de-spai-ring Lo--vers story?



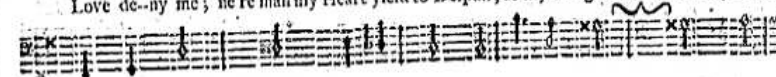
when her Eyes have Conquest won, why should her Ear re-fuse the Glory? Sl all a Slave, whom



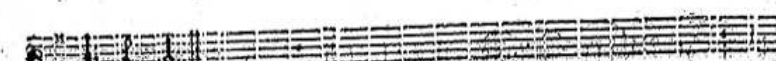
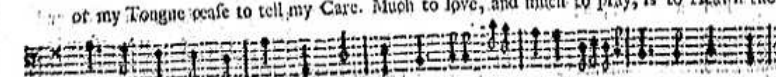
Racks constrain, be forbidden to complain? Let her scorn me, let her fly me, let her look her



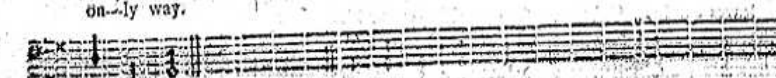
Love de--ny me; ne're shall my Heart yield to Despair, or my Tongue cease to tell my Care;



or my Tongue cease to tell my Care. Much to love, and much to pray, is to Heav'n the

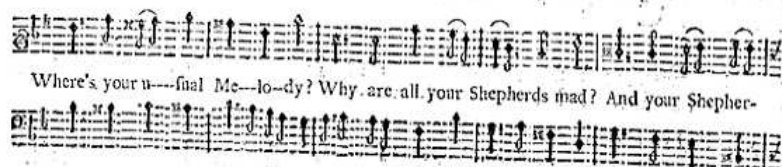


on--ly way.

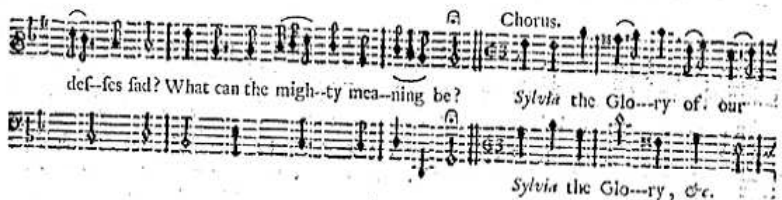




ELL me ye Si-cil-ian Swains, why this mour-ning o' re your Plains?

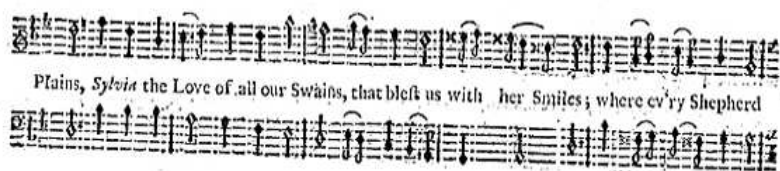


Where's your u-sual Me-lo-dy? Why are all your Shepherds mad? And your Shepher-



des-fes sad? What can the migh-ty mea-ning be? *Sylvia* the Glo-ry of our

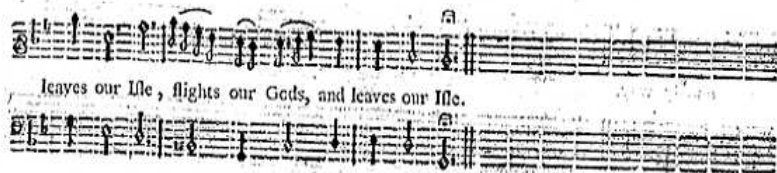
Sylvia the Glo-ry, &c.



Plains, *Sylvia* the Love of all our Swains, that blest us with her Smiles; where ev'ry Shepherd



had a Heart, and ev'ry Shep-her-des a part, Lights our Gods, and

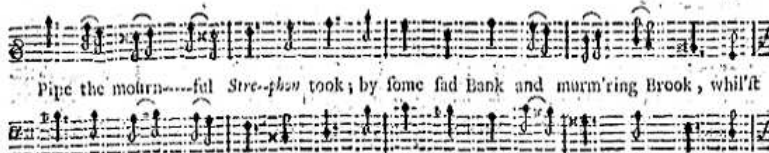


leaves our Life, Lights our Gods, and leaves our Life.

A. 2. For Canto & J. 1. 1. 1.



How gay *Pha-lanx* der left the Plain, the love, the life of ev'ry Swain, his



Pipe the mourn-ful Stre-phen took; by some sad Bank and morm'ring Brook, whilst



list'ning Flocks forsook their Food, and me-lan-cho-ly by him stood; on the cold ground him-



self he laid, and thus the mournful Shepherd play'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

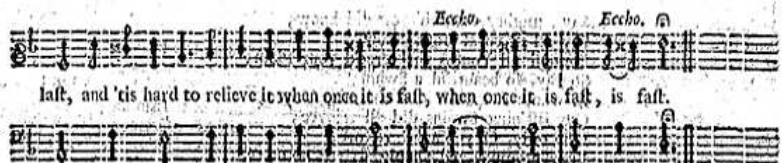
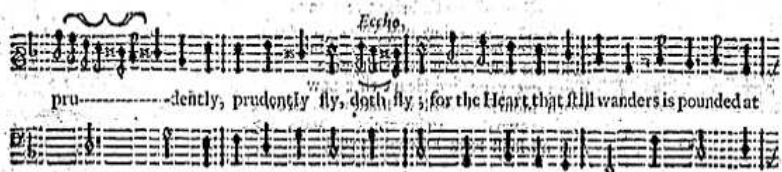
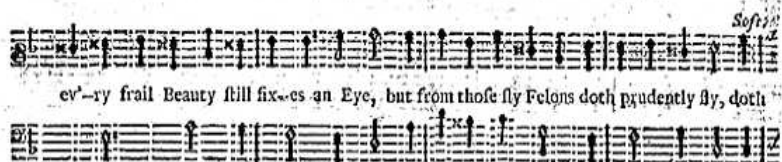
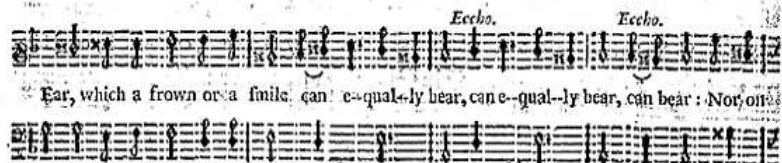
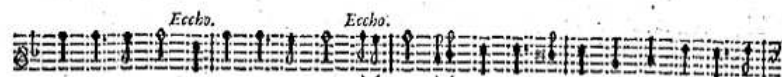
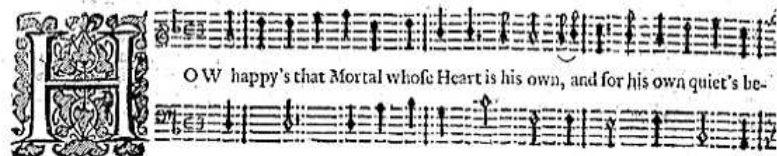
II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and chearing Day;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
Till the lost Youth return again:
Then every pensive Heart that now
With mournful Willow shades his Brow,
Shall crown'd with cheerful Garland's sing,
And all shall seem External Spring.

III.

Say, mighty *Pan*! if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below,
Might all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
So gay, so beautiful a Swain;
In whose sweet Air and charming Voice,
Our list'ning Swains did all rejoice;
Him only, O ye Gods! restore,
Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

Against LOVE.



Mr. Tho. Kingfley.

II.

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow strong
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, (Ger:
And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create:
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair:
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports, and he games,
'Till a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

III.

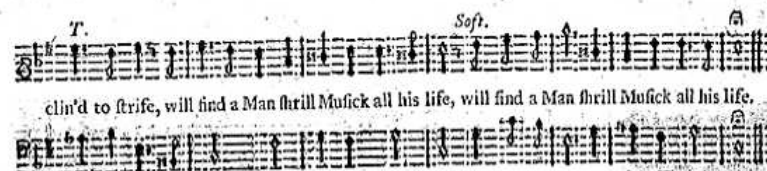
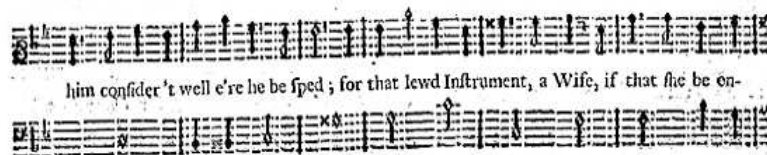
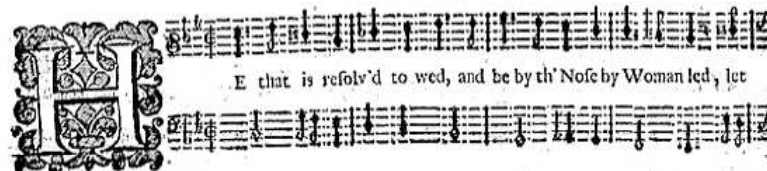
If Love, so much talk'd of, a Herefy be,
Of all it enslaves, few true Converts we see;
If hectoring and huffing would once do the feat,
There's few that would fall of a Vic't'ry complet:

But with Galt to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few:
How easie is Freedom once had to maintain;
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

IV.

This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in parts,
This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;
All penive and silent in corners to sit,
Are pretty fine Palli-ums for those that want wit:
When this Passion in fashion doth so far abuse 'em,
It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em:
For if Reason it seise on, and make it give o're,
No labour can save, or relieve 't any more.

On MARRIAGE.



Mr. Tho. Kingfley.

II.

If he approach her when she's next,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two dissenting Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solecismus connected be. |||

III.

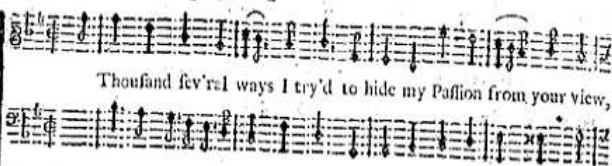
Yet this by none can be denied,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,

Is a good School, in which Man's Vices are tried;
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a sight of 's Sins. |||

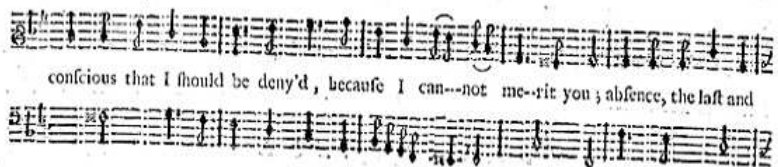
IV.

If he by chance offend the least,
His Penance shall be well increas'd;
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;
And when's Confession he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing else to do, but to say Amen. |||

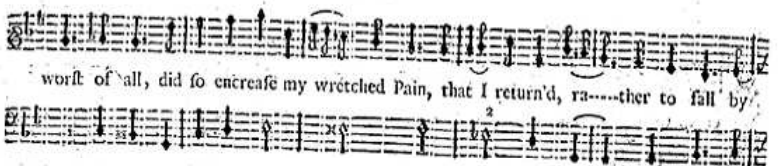
Q. 2.



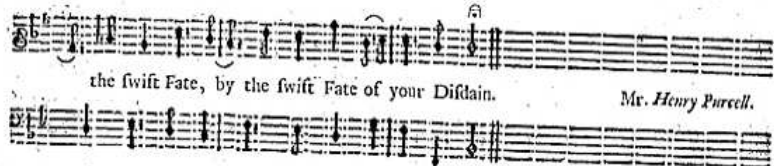
Thousand sev'ral ways I try'd to hide my Passion from your view,



conscious that I should be deny'd, because I can--not me-rit you; absence, the last and

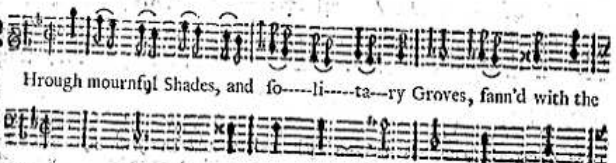


worst of all, did so encrease my wretched Pain, that I return'd, ra--ther to fall by

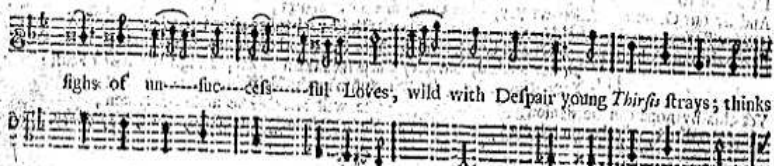


the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



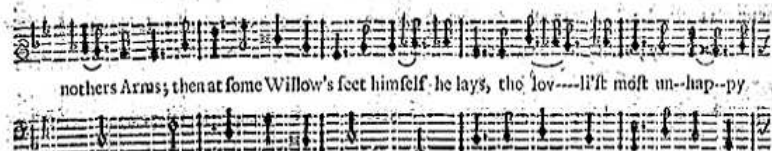
Through mournful Shades, and so--li--ta--ry Groves, fann'd with the



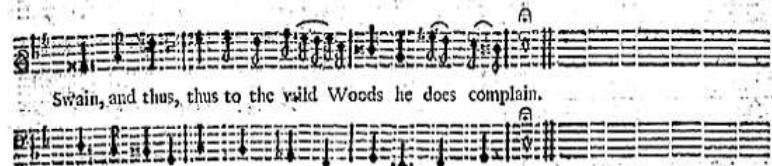
sighs of un--suc--ess--ful Loves; wild with Despair young *Thirsis* strays; thinks



o--ver all *A--mi--ra's* heav'nly Charms, thinks he now sees her in a



nothers Arms; then at some Willow's feet himself he lays, the lov--l'st most un--hap--py



Swain, and thus, thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thirsis*! since the time
That thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her shady Evening Walk she pass'd,
And a bright Day did all around her cast,
Could see (nor be offended at the sight)
The sighing, melting, wishing Swain,
That now must never dare to wish again.

III.

Riches and Titles, why should they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely *Amira*! could'st thou prize
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes,
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that sighs for thee, and dies?
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.



LET us, kind *Le--bia*! give a way in soft *Em--br--ces*

all the day; we'll laugh at what the Old report, and make their *Gra--vi--ty* our Sport: The

Sun sets ev'-ry night, and can rise ev'-ry day as bright again; but when once sets our

smallest Light, we then shall find it always Night; dissolv'd in Sleep, both thou and I must

e--ver *Le--bia*, e--ver *lye*

Chorus.

*T*hen let us kiss, then let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-
*T*hen let us kiss, let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-

dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give as many as be-fore.
 dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give as many as be-fore.

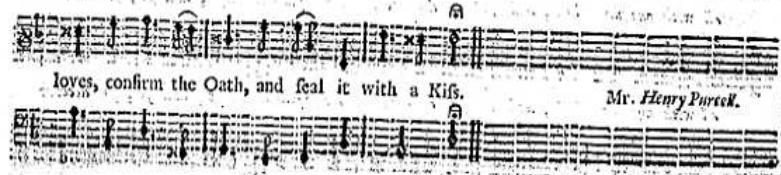
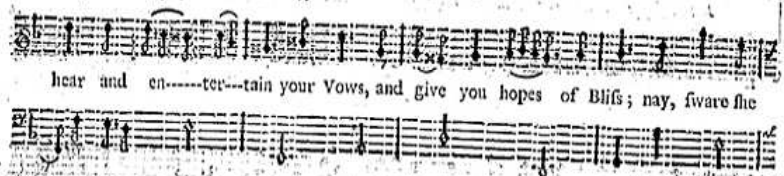
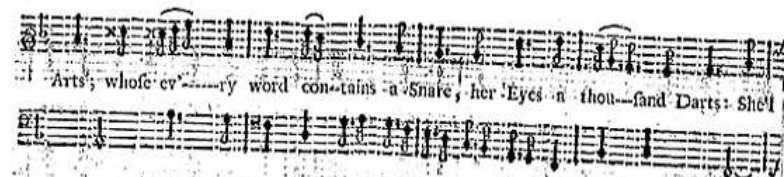
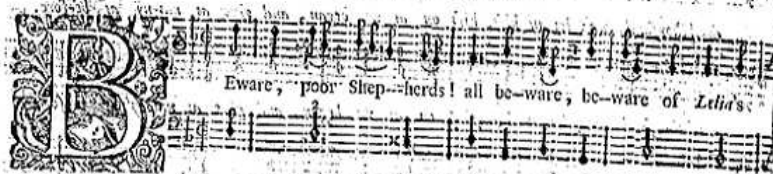
But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri--val should defery, we'll wipe out
 But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri--val should defery, we'll wipe out

all with one more kiss, and so, so de--ceive his jea--lous Eye, and so, so deceive
 all with one more kiss, and so, so de--ceive his jea--lous Eye, and so, so deceive

his jea--lous Eye.
 his jea--lous Eye.

McC. Henry Purcell.

The CAUTION.

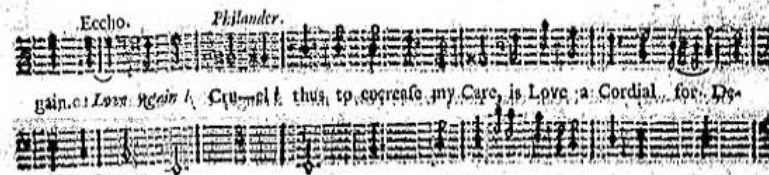
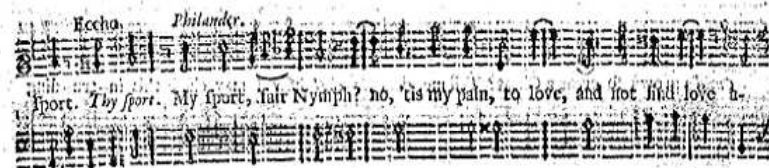
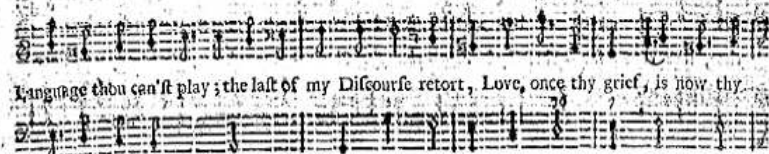
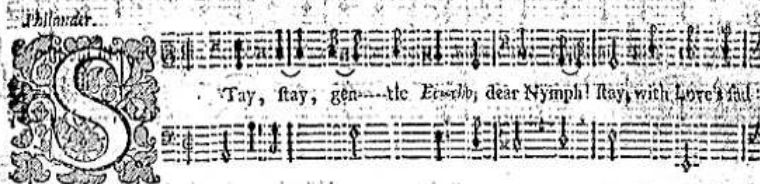


Mr. Henry Purcell.

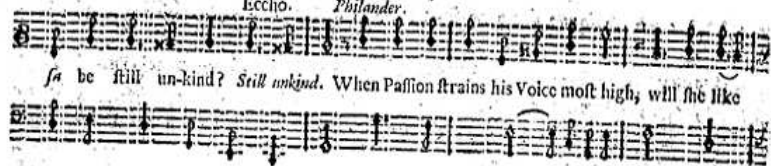
II.

But when the woful circumstance
Proclaims the Conquest sure,
Too late you'll curse the fatal Chance,
Too soon th' effect endure;
I that once thought my self her Care,
Now hopeless must complain;
Learn therefore, learn to shun the Snare,
By thinking on my Pain.

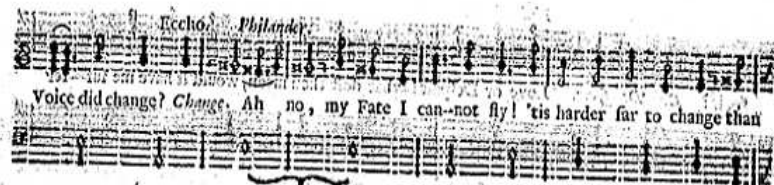
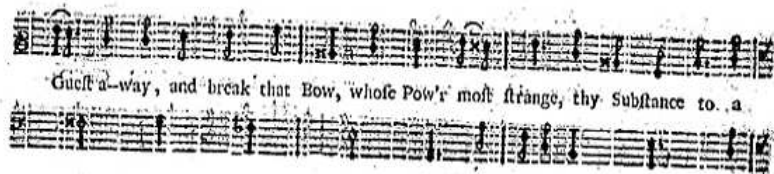
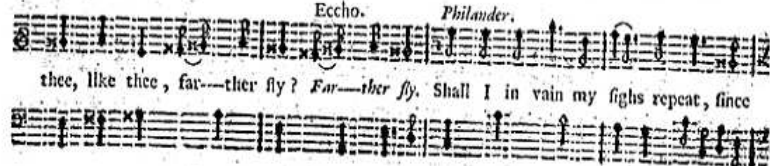
A Dialogue between PHILANDER and the Eccho.



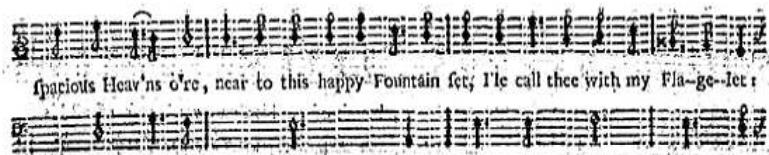
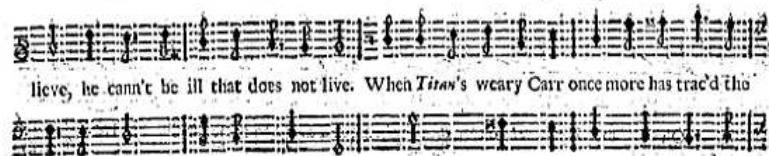
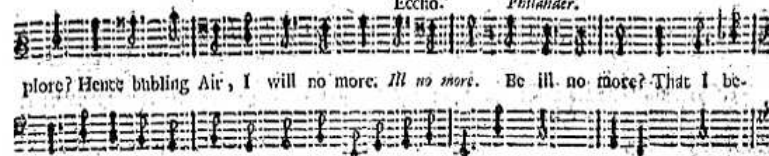
Echo. Philander.



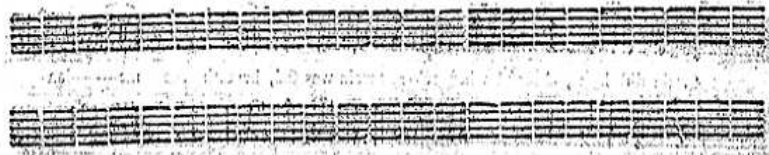
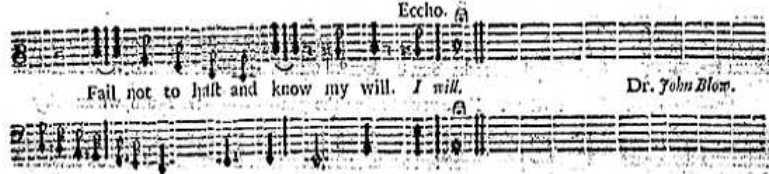
Echo. Philander.



Echo. Philander.



Echo. A



A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

[Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.]



Lament, dear A-lone, love-ly Boy!

Oh my Da-mont! oh Pale-mon! snatch'd away, to some far distant Re-gion:

gone, has left the mi-se-ra-ble Cu-ri-don, bereft of all his Comforts, bereft of all his

Comforts, all a-lone. Have you not seen the gen-—-tle Youth, whom ev'ry

Swain did love, cheerful when ev'-ry Swain was sad, beneath the me—lan-

cho-ly Grove? His face was beauteous as the dawn of Light, broke through the gloo—my

Shades of Night. Oh my Anguish! my Delight! him, ye kind Shepherds, I be-

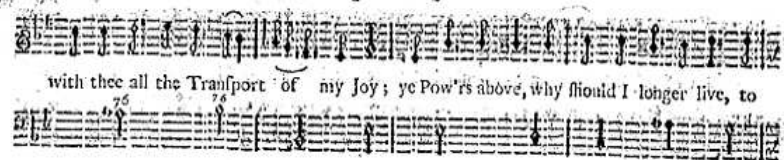
wail; till my Eyes and Heart shall fail; 'tis he that's landed on that di-stant

Shore, and you and I shall see him here no more, and you and I shall see him here no more.

Re—turn A-lone, Oh re—turn! re—turn, re—turn, in vain I

cry; poor Cu-ri-don, can he—ver cease to mourn; thy too un-time-ly cry—

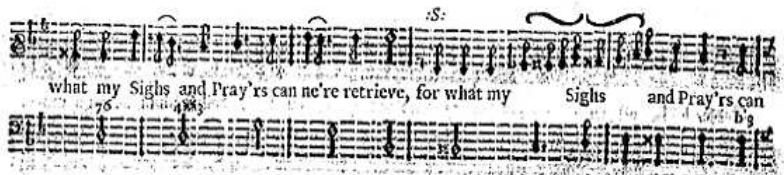
All Pa—st—ny! Farewel for e-ver, for e-ver, chat—ting Boy, farewel for e-ver, and



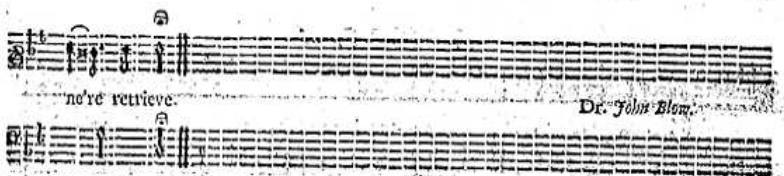
with thee all the Transport of my Joy; ye Pow'rs above, why should I longer live, to



wait a few un-com-for-ta-ble Years, to drown my self in Tears, for

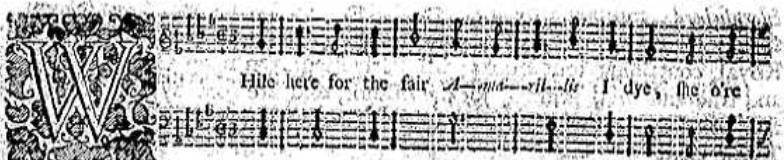


what my Sighs and Pray'rs can ne're retrieve, for what my Sighs and Pray'rs can

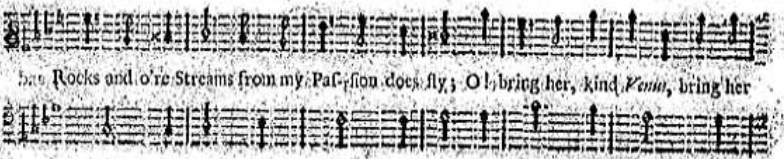


ne're retrieve.

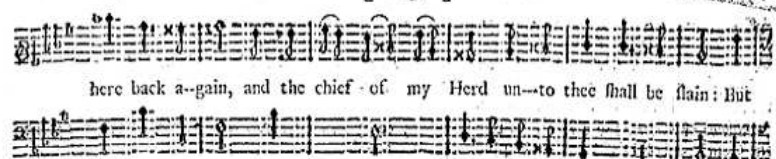
Dr. John Blow.



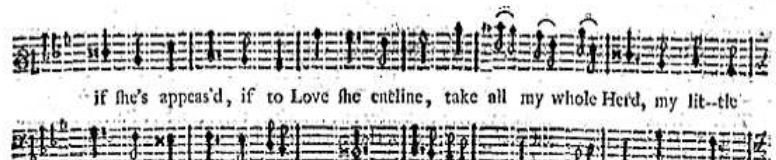
Hile here for the fair A-ma-ri-ble I dye, the Ore



has Rocks and o're Streams from my Pas-sion does fly; O! bring her, kind Venus, bring her



here back a-gain, and the chief of my Herd un-to thee shall be slain: But



If she's appeas'd, if to Love she entline, take all my whole Herd, my lit-tle



Herd is all thine.

Mr. Francis Forciers

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